McKean County Miner.

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VOL. XLIX | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1912 | NO. 20

THREE CITIZENS PASSED AWAY THIS WEEK

Mrs. J. H. Sprague, Anson P. Smith and Thomas O'Brien.

ALL WELL-KNOWN CITIZENS HERE

Mr. Smith Died at the Home of Fred Pratt, Mr. O'Brien at Home on Bank Street and Mrs. Sprague in Kane Hospital—The Funeral Services.

Three well-known citizens in Smethport and vicinity have passed away within the past week.

Anson P. Smith.

Anson P. Smith, one of the best known farmers of Norwich township died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pratt on Sunday evening. He was aged 71 years, one month and 25 days, and the causes of death was a general break down of health and old age.

Mr. Smith was born on the Ezekel Smith farm in Norwich township on March 17, 1841, and spent all his life in the Potato creek valley. When a young man he was united in marriage to Miss Diana Rugg and took up his residence on the old homestead which is located only a short distance below Crosby on the west side of the creek. On this place he always resided until a few weeks ago when he was brought to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pratt in East Smethport that he might receive better care during his illness.

Mrs. Smith died a number of years ago and as they had no children, his only living near relative is a brothr, Wm. T. Smith, who resides in Canbie, Minn. However, he has a number of neices and nephews in this vicinity, among whom are C. H., M. S., and E. P. Comes and Mrs. J. B. Kelley.

Mr. Smith was a good citizen, a companionable neighbor and a man who had many friends. The writer has known him for a great many years and always counted him a true friend. His death will be deeply mourned by a large circle of friends.

On Tuesday at noon a prayer was held at the Pratt home and Mr. Smith's remains were taken to the Colegrove church where services were held by Rev. J. W. McGavern, pastor of the M. E. church at Smethport. His remains were laid at rest beside those of his wife in the Colegrove cemetery.

Thomas O'Brien.

Thomas O'Brien died at his home on Bank street, this borough, on Tuesday afternoon between three and four o'clock, May 14, 1912. The cause of his death was Bright's disease from which he has been a sufferer for the past six or eight months. He was aged 56 years, five months and two days.

Thomas O'Brien was born at Baker's Bridge, N. Y., on Dec. 12, 1855, and came to Smethport in 1873. For a time he was employed on the Clermont branch of the Pennsylvani Railroad and later worked in the woods. He assisted in building the Smethport Extract works and held a position with that company until a few years ago when they ceased operations in Smethport. He then bought the Tyler farm at the mouth of Reilly hollow and conducted that until a year or so ago when he moved to town again and bought a home on Bank street.

On April 18, 1875, he was united in marriage to Miss Julia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calihan McCarthy of this place and the fruits of this union were seven children, six of whom survive with their mother to mourn the loss of a kind, loving and indulgent husband and father. The surviving children are: Thomas, of Olean; Leo, Edward and John of this place; and Mrs. L. F. Schlosser and Miss May O'Brien of Smethport. He is also survived by three sisters, Mrs. C. T. Scott and Mrs. J. Gunter of Wellsville, N. Y., and Mrs. J. Driscoll of Cuba, N. Y., and two brothers, M. P. O'Brien of this place and J. O'Brien of Wellsville.

Thomas O'Brien was a man who had a host of friends. He was honest and square in all his dealings, a capable workman and a good citizen in every sense of the word. His death will be keenly felt by all who knew him in this section.

The funeral services will be held at St. Elizabeth's church, of which he was a member, at 9 o'clock Friday morning, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating, and his remains will be laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Mrs. J. H. Sprague.

Anna, wife of J. H. Sprague, who resides in Keating township on the Farmers Valley road, died at the Kane hospital on Sunday last, aged about 45 years. The cause of her death was peritonitis following an operation for rupture.

Mrs. Sprague has been a resident of Farmers Valley for about twelve years having come there with her husband from Elk county. She is spoken of as a woman of many admirable qualities and her death will be mourned by her husband and many friends. She was of English birth and as she had no children her only near relative in this vicinity is her husband.

The funeral services were held from th home of Fred Brockham on Tuesday afternoon and her remains were laid at rest in Smith cemetery.

LICENSE COURT.

One Refused, Four Held Up and Others Granted.

License court convened at the court house on Monday at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Hon. J. W. Bouton on the bench. There was a large attendance of people interested in the license question including a delegation of members of the W. C. T. U., the organization that has been active in circulating remonstrances against the granting of certain licenses in the county. Attorney R. B. Stone appeared as counsel for the remonstrants.

The remonstrances presented were as follows:

Bradford—John P. Ronan, Union House; A. C. Stengel, Corry House; C. O. Gash, Hotel Weaver; A. W. Eygabroat, United States hotel; John Becker, Industry hotel; Fred Helbringer, Black Bear hotel; J. T. O'Donnell, City hotel; John McCaffrey, Oil City House; M. P. McCarthy, Willard hotel; J. Brendel, Akin House.

Duke Center—Frank J. Butts, Duke House.

Lewis Run—J. H. Douglass, wholesale.

Mr. Douglass, the applicant for a wholesale license at Lewis Run, asked for permission to withdraw his application and the request was granted by the court.

Objections were also filed against the granting of a wholesale license to Lewis Brown, of Bradford. In this case there was no remonstrance.

There was no objections or remonstrances against the granting of any licenses in Smethport, but owing to the fact that the bartenders at the Grand Central and Imperial hotels are under indictment for selling liquor to a man of known intemperate habits, the judge temporarily laid aside their applications and gave the proprietors a hearing, after which their licenses were granted with the others that had no opposition.

The objection to the granting of a license to John McCaffrey, of the Oil City House, Bradford, was withdrawn yesterday.

The contests against the licenses above mentioned were quite bitterly fought and in some cases it was shown that the Brook's law had been quite noticeably violated.

The license court came to an end yesterday afternoon and Judge Bouton handed down his decisions.

The license of M. P. McCarthy of the Willard Hotel, Bradford, was refused.

Decisions on the following applications were held over: Aiken House, Black Bear and Lewis Brown, Bradford; F. J. Butts, Duke Center.

With these exceptions all licenses applied for were granted.

It is expected that Judge Bouton will hand down his decision on the four licenses held over, at the session of argument court to be called this afternoon.

At the session of Argument court that opens at 2 o'clock this afternoon it is expected that a number of divorce cases will be heard, including the following: Mabel Woodward vs. Charles Woodward; Birdie Ringrose vs James Ringrose; Ralph E. Stilson vs. Judethe Stilson; Robert De Haven vs. Josephine Ray De Haven; Delina O. Brown vs. Allen E. Brown; Emma L. Bell vs. Elmer G. Bell; Bertha Mallen vs. H. A. Mallen; Goldie Corbett vs. Fred H. Corbett.

One case is listed on the equity trial list—Eugene B. Squires, now for the use of Field & Squires for the use of the Port Allegany Insurance company, a corporation, vs. M. N. Allen. The cases to be argued include the following ten:

James Taylor vs. Welthia A. Taylor. Rule to show cause why a new trail should not be granted.

Mae Baker vs. N. M. McCourt. Rule to show cause why the judgment should not be opened and defendant let into a defense.

Catherine O'Conner vs. Mrs. M. Trucks and Sylvester W. Trucks. Rule to show cause why the judgment should not be opened and defendant, Sylvester W. Trucks, let into a defense.

In the matter of the assignment of Earl Watson. Rule to show cause why exemption should not be allowed.

H. H. Clayton vs. Mrs. Annie Moulson. Rule to show cause why the judgment should not be opened and the defendant let into a defense.

J. C. James vs. D. M. James, E. B. James; H. J. James and D. W. James. Rule to show cause why service of summons upon D. F. James should not be set aside.

Jessie M. Eastman, now for use of J. E. Rixford, vs. Frank Eastman. Rule to show cause why a new trial should not be granted.

E. Hugli vs. H. M. Wick, Esq., garnishee of Z. J. Pearson. Rule to show cause why judgment non obstante veredicto should not be entered.

FLOYD COSPER INJURED

He Fell Off a Motorcycle on Bush Hill Sunday.

Floyd Cosper met with a painful accident while riding a motorcycle last Sunday. He was riding up Bush Hill and was near the steepest part when he was thrown from the machine and rendered unconscious.

He was alone at the time and when he revived he found himself at the side of the road where he had fallen. There was a deep gash on his forehead which extended across toward his temple and down under the eye, from which blood was flowing freely. He succeeded in rising and started toward his home here, stopping at a farm house to wash his face and bathe his wounds.

S. W. Hubbard of this place came along and took him in his rig and took him to the home of his mother on Cemetery street, where medical aid was summoned and his wounds dressed. When Mr. Hubbard overtook the young man he was nearly exhausted. He is improving rapidly and no serious results are anticipated.

Floyd says that he has no idea of how the accident happened. He lost consciousness so soon after the fall that he does not remember anything about it. He thinks however that he must have laid there in an unconscious condition for nearly an hour.

16-YEAR-OLD BOY KILLED.

George Donahy Crushed at Corwin Center Last Saturday.

George Donahy, a 16-year-old boy, who was employed by F. L. Bouquin, of Corwin Center, as a farm hand, was instantly killed shortly after 5 o'clock last evening by being crushed by a farm roller, says the Bradford Sunday Herald.

The unfortunate boy had been working in the field, rolling the soil and was on his way to the barn to put the team in the stable for the night when the accident occurred.

The farm roller is a heavy affair, weighing about 3,000 pounds. A team was hitched to the roller and the young man was sitting on the front of the rack driving the horses. When he came to the road he drove over the ditch in which there were some boards and in passing over these the roller tilted, causing the young man to lose his balance, throwing him to the ground directly in front of the roller. The team kept on pulling the heavy roller and the big weight passed over his body, crushing his skull and breaking both legs, besides badly crushing the entire trunk.

The farm house was nearby and the residents quickly came to the young man's aid and carried him into the house, but he died almost immediately after he was brought into the farm residence. Dr. Ash was telephoned for and responded, but, of course, the young man was dead and the doctor after examining the body, said that his death was almost instantaneous.

The young man, since his employment with Mr. Bouquin, has been making his home with his employer. He is survived by an uncle, Gust Kopanske, of No. 444 South avenue.

A covered 2-seated surrey for sale by M. A. CALDWELL, Farmers Valley.

MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES TO BE HELD HERE

May 30 Will Be Appropriately Observed in Smethport.

ACTIVE COMMITTEES APPOINTED

The Smethport Schools, Fire Department, I. O. O. F. and Citizens' Bands and Civic Societies Have Been Invited to Participate—An Excellent Program Arranged.

May 30 is a day designated by the government to pay tribute to our soldier and sailor dead, and for years McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., took full charge of the proper observation of this day in Smethport and conducted excellent services. In the past few years the ranks of the G. A. R. have been thinned out so that the remaining members have turned this cherished duty over to the younger citizens of our borough and it is the duty of our people to maintain the high standard of exercises set and for years upheld by the veterans of our wars.

The executive committee has chosen officers and selected committees to make Memorial Day, May 30, 1912, a success. Invitations have, or will be, extended to the Smethport schools, the Fire Department, the I. O. O. F. band, the Citizens' band, and all the civic societies to participate in the parade and exercises which will be held in Rose Hill cemetery, weather permitting, and in case of rain at the court house. Every person that can should attend these exercises and honor the preservers of our nation.

The parade will form on West Main street at 2 p. m., right resting on Marvin street, and the route will be down Main to Mechanic street to Bank street, to Nelson street, to Cemetery street to cemetery. Returning: To Cemetery street, to Nelson street, to Main street, and disband in front of court house.

Following are the officers and committees chosen and a program of exercises:

President of Day—R. E. Burdick.
Orator of Day, E. H. French.
Marshal, E. W. Jones.
Chieff of Staff, E. A. Studholme.
Aides, B. T. Garlick, Russell Abbey, C. C. Choate, J. Donald Hogarth, Neal Gleason, Dr. Robert Hamilton and H. C. Wells.

Committees.

Music—Dr. H. L. McCoy.
Flowers—Daughters of the Revolution.
Conveyances—H. H. Redfield and J. Clayton Backus.

Exercises at Cemetery.

Music—By the Bands.
Prayer—Rev. J. W. McGavern.
Post Exercises—Post 347, G. A. R.
Music—Glee Club.
Reading of Lincoln's Address—G. B. Mayo.
Music—By the Bands.
Introduction—President of the Day.
Oration—E. H. French.
Music—Glee Club.
America—Bands and audience.
Prayer—Rev. J. F. Dugan.
Strewing of Flowers.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Arrangements have been completed whereby Edward Waldmann, the eminent English tragedian, will appear at the Smethport Lyceum on next Thursday evening, May 23, in Stevenson's thrilling play, "The Devil."

Mr. Waldmann is a Shakespearean actor of note, having played all the large cities of Germany and England as well as the leading American cities east and west. In New York, Philadelphia and Boston, where he appeared, his "Devil" has been considered one of the strongest impersonations of that complex role ever seen in this country. Mr. Waldmann will be supported by his own English company.

MASSER'S HARDWARE.

New Goods are Arriving—Many New Customers.

My new goods are arriving daily and new customers are coming in every day to inspect this stock. Are you one of them? If not make it a point to pay this store a visit. We are here to show goods and you are welcome whether you buy or not.

CHAS. W. MASSER.

Lawn Mowers Sharpened.
4t HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

KING OF DENMARK DEAD.

Dropped Dead in Streets of Hamburg, Germany, on Tuesday.

Hamburg, Germany, May 15.—Stricken with heart failure while walking, unaccompanied, through the harbor district of this city, King Frederick VII. of Denmark dropped dead in the street. The body lay unseen for some time until another pedestrian stumbled over it. Still unrecognized, the remains were carried to a hospital and placed in the public ward, where it lay for hours until members of the Danish royal suite which with the king had been stopping at the Hamburger Hof hotel, identified it early to-day.

Frantic search had been made for hours before the whereabouts of the king were learned.

There was a pathetic scene when Quen Louise learned of her husband's death. She was one of the first to view the body at the hospital and immediately ordered its removal to the hotel. The king and his suite were on a motoring trip from the Riviera to Copenhagen and stopped here for the night.

Christian Frederick was proclaimed king of Denmark as Frederick VIII. on January 30, 1906, after the death of Christian IX, the aged king, who was dean of the crowned heads of Europe; father of King George of Greece, of the queen mother Alexandra of Great Britain, the empress dowager of Russia and grandfather of King Haakon VII. of Norway.

King Frederick VIII. was born at Copenhagen June 3, 1843. He was as popular with the people of Denmark as was his father. Frederick saw his younger brother and his own son becoming reigning monarchs of Greece and Norway, respectively, while he himself was still an heir apparent.

King Frederick was noted for his culture. While seldom openly identifying himself with political questions, he took an active part in all public movements. He was at one time chancellor of Copenhagen university and head of the Free Masons of Denmark. He was well known as a promoter of philanthropic objects. His interest in the army, of which he was once inspector general, was keen, and he introduced many reforms, which improved the lot of private soldiers.

Several months ago King Frederick suffered a severe illness.

Frederick VIII. was the eldest son of Christian IX. He was born on June 2, 1843. He studied at Oxford and, in 1869 married Princess Louise of Sweden, a niece of Oscar II. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father on January 29, 1906. His second son, Charles, became king of Norway in 1905, under the title Haakon VII.

LIGHTNING SPLITS CHILD'S FOOT.

Fiery Bolt Terribly Injures Myrtle Lucas at McCoy-Linn Iron Works.

During yesterday afternoon's severe electric storm, lightning struck the home of Samuel Lucas at the McCoy-Linn Iron Works, the bolt passing down the chimney and shooting across the floor badly injuring both feet of Mr. Lucas' 6-year-old daughter, Myrtle. One of her feet was split from heel to instep. The other foot was not so badly injured.

The remarkable feature of the accident was that the child was not killed and the house burned to the ground.

The child was sitting on a couch, near a cradle. Without the slightest warning the bolt of lightning tore through the chimney, ripping out plaster, and then shot across the floor, tearing up the boards as if they were so many toothpicks. The little girl's feet happened to be in the path of the lightning.

Dr. R. G. Hayes, who was summoned, made a hasty examination and directed that the child be removed to the hospital where her injuries were dressed.—Bellefonte Republican.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS OF KEATING TOWNSHIP.

I will be in the following places to receive Road Taxes:

Coryville, May 25, 1912.
Farmers Valley, May 27.
East Smethport, May 28.
Smethport, May 29.
Ormsby, May 30.
Cyclone, May 31.

A. G. FARLEY, Collector.

Dr. McClaran, the Bradford Osteopath, will answer calls to Smethport and if necessary will make regular days there twice a week. Telephone or by card.— 3t

THE TITANIC AT THE BOTTOM.

This Dispute is Settled by The Scientific American.

There have been so many disputes as to whether the Titanic sank to the bottom of the ocean or only to a depth of a few hundred feet, that the Scientific American deems it necessary to settle the quition with the assertion "The Titanic is on the bottom," and an explanation of why this is certain.

There is, it says, a commonly erroneous supposition that the density of the water is far greater at the bottom than at the surface. "Density," it continues, "is here confused with pressure. The pressure increases enormously as we descend, amounting to considerably over 6,000 pounds per square foot at a depth of 100 feet. Divers sometimes work at depths of as much as 150 feet, where the pressure is half again as much, 9,363.75 pounds, to be exact. When provided with special armored diving suits, divers have operated at considerably greater depths; but nothing approaching the depth at which the Titanic now lies. This depth is given at 2,000 fathoms, which is considerably over two miles, and the pressure amounts to three-quarters of a million pounds per square foot.

"It is only natural to suppose that under such pressure the density of the water should be increased, but laboratory experiments have shown that it is almost impossibly to compress water. At a depth of a mile the density of the sea water is only 1.130 greater than at the surface.

"With this clearly in mind, it is very evident that an object that would not float at the surface of the sea, could not float at any intermediate point, but must surely sink to the bottom; for it could not displace a greater weight of water at the bottom than at the top, even though the water in the first case was under much higher pressure. As a matter of fact, any air-filled chambers or compressible matter in the vessel would be crushed in by the enormous pressure of the water, so that the displacement of the wreck would be growing less as it went down and it would be falling through the water at a corresponding acceleration. We must also remember that steel is much more compressible than water."

FARMERS VALLEY.

County Commissioner A. R. Cory has purchased a new buggy and driving horse.

The drillers on the Hewitt farm gas well suspended their work when at a depth of 1800 feet, by losing their tools in the well.

Farming is slow, consequent upon the cold and wet weather. Many farmers have not plowed a furrow.

About 2000 cabbage plants purchased and set out on the J. J. Smith farm have died.

Regular services at the church as usual. Sunday school at 2; preaching at 3 o'clock. Evening services by the young people.

Frank Fritz is moving his family and household effects from Cole creek to Belfast, N. Y.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending May 11, 1912:

Coeyman, Miss Elizabeth,
Gleisner, Mr. Henry
Nelson, Miss Carrie M.
Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
White, Miss Lulu
Young, Mr. David.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

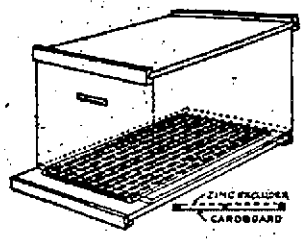
Miss Josephine Balfour will have a display of Art Needlework at the Wright House for a few days, beginning Thursday, May 16th. Will be pleased to have you call.

FARM AND BEES

SIEVE FOR HIVE ENTRANCES

Simple Device May Be Made of Piece of Zinc Excluder, Strips of Wood and Cardboard.

The queen-sieve recently described by J. P. Brumfield has suggested what I think is a simpler one. I fashioned a piece of zinc excluder, 10 by 14 inches, to strips of wood ½ by ⅝ inch on the two sides and one end; then I tacked a very thin piece of board or cardboard to the other side of the wood and one or two small supports in the center to keep the board and zinc apart, says a writer in the Gleanings in Bee Culture. I have this under the brood-frames so that it is the only entrance to the hive. When the bees are shaken on a sheet in front of the hive they must enter through the sieve, and the queen will be secured.



Queen-Finding Sieve.

No sharp lookout has to be kept; in fact, none at all, for whether one examines the sieve in 15 or 20 minutes, which is the usual time for them to go in, or five hours later, as I did with the last hive, the queen is sure to be in the sieve. All I have to do is to put in the sieve, shake the bees, and let them take their time to go in, and the queen is surely safe.

BAD EFFECTS OF EXPOSURE

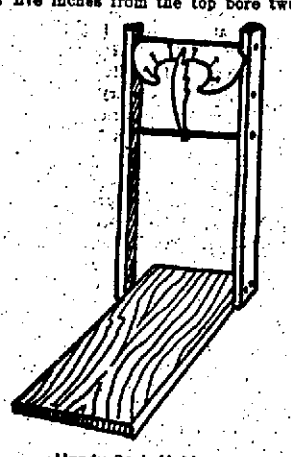
Maryland Station Makes Interesting Experiments Showing Injurious Effects on Exposed Manure.

The Maryland station allowed 80 tons or manure to be exposed to the weather for one year and found that the amount was reduced to 27 tons at the end of that period. Professor Shutt of Canada allowed two tons of manure, containing 1,938 pounds of organic matter, to lie exposed during the four warmest months from April 29 to August 29 and found the amount reduced to 655 pounds, and the nitrogen was reduced from 48.1 pounds to 27.7 pounds, or almost one-half was lost. The experiments emphasize the necessity of putting the manure on the land as soon as possible. It is sometimes piled up and allowed to heat, thus destroying much of its value. It must not be forgotten that much of the value of manure and all forms of organic matter come from its rotting while in contact with the soil, and if allowed to decay before it is gotten into the soil much of the benefit will be lost. Crop residues, such as cornstalks, stubble, straw and all other forms of vegetable matter, should be turned back into the soil and not burned, as is the common practice in some parts.

SACK HOLDER IS VERY HANDY

Device Has Two Upright Pieces and Two-Inch Plank—Board Can Be Lowered or Raised.

The sack holder shown in the sketch is very handy. It has two upright pieces 2 by 2 and a two-inch plank two feet long to which the upright pieces are fastened. About four or five inches from the top bore two holes exactly opposite each other and place through these holes a long bolt, says the Homestead. Take a piece of plank or board and cut it to fit between the two uprights and place the bolt through this board so it will work easily. Cut this board in a half circle to fit the sack. Drive nails through this board around this half circle to which to fasten the sack. This board can be raised or lowered to the height of sack and is held in place by means of an iron rod which is fastened on the uprights about two feet from the bottom.



Handy Sack Holder.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD SEED

Best for Farmers to Grow Their Own When Possible—Good Quality Is Obtained at Small Cost.

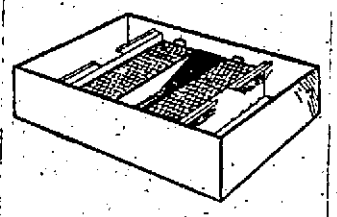
Most farmers can and should grow their own seed grains. It is a very difficult and expensive practice to depend upon purchasing the proper variety and quality from the seedsman. With thorough preparation of land and culture, and very little extra cost of labor, most, if not all, the seed grain and most of the common vegetable seeds may be grown as good, and oftentimes of better quality, than seeds bought at twice the cost.

As, for example, a certain field of wheat might on the average be totally unfit for seed, while some parts of the field may be of a very good quality. By a little extra effort the seed may be selected from this small patch, threshed separately and run through the fanning mill once or twice to remove all small and shrunken grain and weed seeds. It may be best to thrash out a few bushels of grain with the old-time flail and hand pick the grain. After securing enough grain to seed an acre—a start with good seed may be had and the standard can be kept up by selecting the best land, properly preparing the seed bed and giving thorough cultivation and extra care in harvesting and threshing. The same method should be followed in the selection of oats, barley and corn. Although the quality of corn grown may be good, yet by careful selection of the best ears an improvement of both yield and quality of grain may be had. It will cost no more to grow a good ear of corn than a poor one. A good standard variety will sell for considerable more for seed. A Scotch gardener, known to the writer, made quite a neat little sum by growing a certain variety of sweet corn, lima beans and tomato seed for a northern seed firm. His sweet corn seed had a large sale and at an extra price. The winter is the time to select the seeds for next spring's sowing. Take time in making the selection; it is a profitable winter's work.

CELLULAR FEEDER FOR BEES

Ingeniously Constructed Device for Use During Early Spring When Food Is Lacking.

An ingeniously constructed cellular feeder for use during the early spring, when nature does not provide sufficient nourishment for bees, has been designed by a French inventor, says the Popular Mechanics. The feeder



Individual Feeding Cell.

consists of a metallic box divided into five compartments. The middle one is the entrance, the end compartments contain the food supply, and the remaining two compartments are each provided with 250 feeding cells, which are perfect counterfeits of the cells of a bee comb. The food, which consists of syrup made of sugar, is poured into the end compartments and flows into the feed cells through notches, in the bottoms of the partition walls. The syrup only moistens the lower part of the cells, and the bees, each one selecting a cell, feed upon it undisturbed by neighboring bees. Two inclined runways lead from the entrance compartment to the cell compartments.

Bees and Farm Notes

Do not mulch while the ground is wet.

Late seeding grain should be top-dressed with long manure.

Winter vetch belongs to the pea family and is hardy, remaining green all winter.

Corn that makes 70 bushels an acre will yield about one and three-fourths ton for stover.

Mulch the ground when frozen. Freezing upheaves the soil, thawing throws the plant out.

The two-horse, low-gear wagon is largely used by the farmers of the New England states.

Protect from alternate freezing and thawing. Keep the cold in, not out of the soil, to prevent this.

Nearly all bee-keepers advocate good stock in bees, but there is a diversity of opinions as to the best way to get the best stock.

The area of corn harvested increased from 94,913,673 acres in 1899 to 98,383,033 acres in 1909, a gain of 3,469,360 acres, or 3.7 per cent.

The yield of wheat may be increased several bushels per acre by thorough preparation of the ground, careful selection of clean, heavy seed and drilling.

Celery grown in beds for family use should be gradually earthed. If too much earth is thrown to the stalks when the weather is hot and sultry, the stalks will rot.

Undoubtedly the most valuable permanent pasture grass for upland pasture is June grass or blue grass, since it endures better than any of the other available grasses.

The vetch grows rapidly, and makes a long trailing vine with an abundance of side tendrils, having many leaves; the flowers are many and of a beautiful blue tint and quite sweet.

PERSIAN LORE ABOUT ROSE

Nightingale Sings His Frenzied Love for that Flower and Dies Beneath Rosebush.

Persian legendary lore tells some fanciful stories about the rose which have great poetic charm. For example, the poet Attar wrote "The Book of the Nightingale," telling how all the other birds appeared in anger before the throne of Solomon, asking him to destroy the nightingale, which would not allow them to rest by night, but poured forth his lays when peaceful silence should rein all over the earth. After prolonged argument the bird was acquitted, for it explained with such pathos that its untimely melody could not be restrained because of its frenzied love for the rose, a passion so hopeless and undying that it could never be made voiceless. Another Persian belief is that nightingales always die beneath rose bushes, stupefied by the scent. Jamie, a Persian poet, wrote of how "the first rose appeared in Gulistan at the time the flowers demanded a new sovereign from Allah, because the drowsy lotus would slumber at night. At first the maiden queen blossom was shown white, and encircled with a protecting guard of thorns, but the poor nightingale fell into such an ecstasy of love over her charms, and so recklessly pressed his lovelorn heart against those cruel thorns, that his blood, so far as it could trickle into the flower's bosom, dyed it crimson."

Another fancy states that the Perfume of the rose was gained from a cup of nectar thrown over it by the little god Cupid, while its thorns were those stings of bees used by him as arrows in his wrath at finding some roses scentless after all his trouble.

The beds of the Shahs of Persia in ancient times were filled with rose petals, which had to be often scattered lest they become uncomfortable. This must surely have been the origin of the saying: "He would complain of a bed of roses." It was also claimed that a rose liquor would "by one glassful make the sternest monarch merciful or the sickliest mortal slumber amid his pains."

The rose is emblematical of joy and love, and was consecrated to Venus, the goddess of beauty, from whose path it was said to have first sprung. Crimson roses, "gemmed with dewdrops," formed the crowning garland of the Romans' youthful Comus, god of feasting, and the Turks believed it absolutely wicked to step on a rose petal or leave it lying on the ground.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Why Bayona Played Badly.

Juan Antonio Bayona played the trombone badly the other night at the performance in a Madrid theater. The soprano was singing and Bayona's discordant notes disturbed her and the audience as well. Disturbed most of all was the conductor of the orchestra. He demanded an explanation and got it.

As Bayona was entering the theater that evening his cigar fell from its holder. In stooping to pick up the cigar his eye fell on a newspaper clipping. He picked that up also, and this is what he read:

A rich Spanish merchant has just died in California, leaving a fortune of $200,000,000. In his will he appoints his brother, Juan Antonio Bayona, sole executor. Inquiries made at the consulate only prove that Juan Antonio Bayona lived in Valencia until 1882 and married in Madrid in 1884, where he died in 1901."

Juan A. Bayona, the trombonist is the son of Juan A. Bayona, who answered the description in the clipping. Hence the agitation that produced the trouble with the trombone.

Educational Progress.

In the decade 1900-1910 greater progress was made in educational conditions in the United States than in any previous 10 years in the country's history. The report of the Federal bureau of education shows that the annual expenditures for public schools increased from $220,000,000 to $425,000,000, appropriations for Normal schools from $2,789,000 to $6,620,000, and the value of school property from $550,000,000 to over $1,000,000,000. Public High schools increased from 6,000 to 10,213, their teachers from about 20,000 to over 41,000, and enrolled High school pupils from 520,000 to 900,000.

The average length of the common school term increased from 144 to 156 days, and the average attendance of pupils from 99 to 114 days.

An advance from $166,175,000 to $273,425,000 was made in the productive fund of universities, colleges and technical schools, and from $28,500,000 to $77,800,000 in their annual income outside of endowments.

His Luncheons.

Woodbury Pulsifer, at the Maine society's reunion in New York, praised the sturdy perseverance of Maine's sons.

"Perseverance, pluck, self-denial," said Mr. Pulsifer, "those are the qualities that bring Maine boys success.

"It was a Maine boy in Paris—he is a successful sculptor today—who was sought out in his garret in the Rue Boissonade by a rich friend who wished to invite him to a New Year's luncheon.

"The rich friend, who hadn't yet decided on the hour for the luncheon, said:

"'I don't know whether to set it for 12 o'clock or 1. By the way, old chap, when do you lunch as a rule?'

"'Thursdays,' said the Maine boy.

LITTLE LADY BOUNTIFUL

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

In the top of the tall tenement, Tom Stevens recklessly lighted both gas burners.

"I might as well be warm once," he murmured, and settled back in his uncomfortable chair to pass another day in pain and loneliness.

It is bad enough to be sick, even in the midst of luxury, but to be sick and poor, that is enough to make a man groan and writhe. Tom Stevens, alone in the big city, too proud to write back home and tell of his hard luck, looked at the gray skies and the gay streets and wished he were dead.

And just then he heard the rustle of paper, and, looking toward the door, he saw that a note had been slipped under it.

Painfully he crossed the room, and painfully he returned to his big chair. Then he opened the sheet of paper. Across the top was painted a wreath of tiny rosebuds, and underneath was the verse:

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Though the skies above be dark and drear;
There is ever a song that our hearts shall hear,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere.

As he read Tom felt as if the sun were shining and the birds singing on a June day. Who had thought of him in his loneliness? Why, it was better than food and drink—better than fire and warmth.

"It's a girl's handwriting," he said to himself. He felt as if he wanted to get right up and hunt for her, but when he tried to move he sank back with a groan, and the little neighborhood doctor, coming in, cautioned him.

The next morning the janitor's wife brought him his meager meal. It was sloppy and badly cooked and Tom turned from it with a sigh. So the janitor's wife carried the tray, but left a crack in the door.

And it was through this crack an hour later, was slipped a tiny tray. On it was a steaming cup of coffee, two slices of hot toast, and a soft boiled egg.

Tom, making for the door, threw it wide open and faced an empty hallway. He dragged himself to the apartment across the way and knocked. The janitor, passing through the hall, asked curiously: "Did you want any help, sir?"

"Who lives in there?" Tom demanded.

"An old man and his wife," said the janitor. "And he works and she works."

Tom sighed and went back to find on the tray a little note:

Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper,
What shall he sing for, white bread and butter.

Tom ate the toast and the egg, drank the coffee and laid the note carefully away in his bill book with the one which had come the day before.

"Just wait till I'm well," he murmured.

He resolved that he would watch the door and lie in wait.

"But I wonder—when she'll come," was his eager thought.

The day passed, and the night was well advanced, when Tom, still lying awake, heard in the hall a little sound. He sat up and listened, and suddenly he was aware of a light shining under the door. Gathering his dressing gown about him, he rose from his couch, opened the door and looked out. On the threshold was a lighted candle in an old-fashioned candlestick. Tied to the handle was a card, and on the card was written:

"How far that little candle throws his beams so shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Tom went back to bed and laboriously made his stiff fingers pen his sentiments:

"Dear Lady Bountiful: I can't write poetry, but I can say in plain, everyday words how grateful I am. And how I wish—but, you know what I wish—that Fate will not be unkind and that—some day—when you will it—that I may see you, and tell you what is not easy to say adequately on paper."

He signed it "Tommy Tucker," and put it in the hall and shut the door. And when an hour later he opened the door the note was gone.

"Aha," said Tom to himself, "she's not far away, and that's something to think about."

After a time there came a quick "tap, tap," and Tom got out of his chair in a hurry, but by the time he reached the door the hall was empty, but there was a note lying waiting for him.

It said: "I am going to send you a grandmother—you must be nice to her for my sake."

Tom whistled. "Well, of all things," he ejaculated.

At six precisely a little, gray-haired lady bustled in.

"Gracious!" she said, without waiting for formalities, "you poor boy. This won't do at all. You ought to be in bed, covered up with hot water bags and hot broths and, and—"

"But, really, I can't," Tom stammered.

"Nonsense," said the brisk little lady. "I have four sons of my own, and I know what to do with sick boys. Now I'm going over across the hall and heat some water, and when I come back I'll tuck you up comfortably, and take care of you until you are well."

"But," Tom gasped, "I can't—"

"Nonsense," said the little lady again, "you do just as I say. I'm used to dossing boys."

An hour later Tom, tucked up in bed with hot water bags to the right of him, and hot water bags to the left of him, and with his appetite satisfied by the most delicious broth that he had ever tasted, inquired meekly of his "grandmother:"

"How did you know I was ill?"

She looked at him sharply over her spectacles. "A little bird told me," she declared.

He was sick two weeks, and every day there came to him dainty notes in the graceful feminine script. They came by mail now, and there was the postmark of a distant city.

Tom had learned by this time that his "grandmother" lived on the opposite side of the hall. When he was strong enough he went into her plain apartment, and then he wondered where the luxuries which she had furnished him during his illness had been obtained, for in these rooms there was no sign of affluence, yet there had been for him all the delicacies that tempt the appetite of an invalid.

"Now, grandmother," he said one morning, when he was dressed and ready to take his first outing, "We've got to have an understanding. It must have taxed you a lot to get all those good things for me, and as soon as I can get work, I'm going to pay you back. But I can't ever repay you for the other things—your sympathy and kindness."

The little woman patted his big hand. "There," she said, "don't you worry about it. It hasn't cost me a penny—there was a fairy godmother who met all the bills."

But she would not tell him another word.

The next day Tom began to look for work. He had been badly placed in his first position. He felt himself equal to something better.

One day he found it—a bigger thing than he had hoped for—with an excellent salary attached.

Then he went back to the little "grandmother." "I want to find my fairy godmother," he said, "and you know where she is."

"I don't," said the lady flatly.

"Oh, come now."

"I don't," was the decided answer, "but I can tell you who she is. She is my niece, and when she was twenty-one she came into a nice little sum of money, and she made up her mind that she would spend it on having a good time. But she's a funny child, and she didn't call it a good time to go to the shows and things; she just wanted to spend her money on helping other people. And one day she heard you cough, and when your door was open she peeped in, and she just couldn't bear to think of your being so lonesome, and so she planned the little surprises, and one day she said, 'Now, auntie, he needs more attention than I can give him, and you just do all you can, and I will provide the money.' And she has, and then when you began to want to know her, she got scared and went home."

"Where is her home?" Tom demanded.

"She ain't there," said the little lady. "She's gone to work. You see, her money didn't last long, when she spent it that way. But she said she had the time of her life."

"What is her work?"

"She's a stenographer," said the little lady.

Tom's heart leaped. Then at least she was not a rich girl, as he had feared. How could he then have dared to woo her!

"If you know her home address, you give it to me," he said, and reluctantly the aunt gave it to him, and that night he took a train and started on his quest.

He found her, for fate was kind to him. And she was dear and sweet, as he had dreamed she might be.

He brought a letter of introduction from the aunt.

"But I don't really need it, you know," he said.

"No," her cheeks were pink; "did you—did you think I was very forward?"

"I thought you were—an angel," Tom blurted out.

But he did not tell her then all that was in his heart, for time was needed for the wooing and the winning.

Short Kings and Tall Queens.

Many European monarchs are of shorter stature than their queens. George V. is several inches shorter than Queen Mary. The German empress is slightly taller than the kaiser; and it is alleged that when they are being photographed together William sees that the queen takes a seat while he himself stands.

The czar of all Russias is by no means as tall as his consort, and Alfonso of Spain is said to be a head shorter than Queen Victoria Eugenie. The King of Italy hardly reaches to the shoulders of his Montenegrin wife. The queen of Denmark, too, is taller than her husband.

Exceptions are the king of Norway and the king of the Belgians. The latter, six feet two inches in height, is the tallest ruler in Europe.—Harper's Weekly.

Let Buildings Speak.

Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings without some intellectual intention.—Ruskin.

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—Eight persons were bitten by a mad dog in the Homewood district, Pittsburgh, last week and most of the victims are taking the Pasteur treatment at Mercy hospital. The dog was at liberty from Monday until Friday and may have bitten other persons or dogs. Among the victims are the owner of the dog, his wife and daughter.

—The carrier of a dumb waiter being installed in the new hospital building at Olean, N. Y., dropped down the shaft and struck Fred Carpenter, of Jamestown, N. Y., one of the workmen on the head. He was taken to the General hospital, where it was found his spinal cord had been injured and that he suffered concussion of the brain. It is believed he will recover.

CALVES' BRAINS WITH JELLY

This Is a Dish, When Properly Cooked and Served, That All Will Appreciate.

Blanch the brains by letting them soak in cold water and salt for two hours; take them out, skin, dry thoroughly, and drop them in salted boiling water; let cook for ten minutes; chill and put them in the ice box. When serving, cut the brains in slices or dice, and heap them on a lettuce bed after they have been tossed in a French dressing. Heap the top of the dish with blobs of tomato jelly.

Make the jelly in this manner: Soak a box and a half of gelatin in enough water to cover it. Then put one quart of tomatoes on to stew with a head of celery chopped fine, a little parsley, salt and cayenne. Let this boil for twenty minutes, then pour boiling hot over the gelatin; strain at once in a mold, putting it in the ice box to congeal thoroughly when cool enough. The tomato jelly may also be cut in squares and served as a separate salad with plain lettuce and mayonnaise. But of course it needs to come it to the room in a very cold condition, or it would soon melt.

BEST OF ALL SHORTCAKES

How Luscious Dessert Should Be Prepared for the Table to Be at Its Best.

Best served warm and do not fill until ready to serve. Split cake, lay top inverted on a plate, fill with fresh or canned sliced peaches, well seasoned apple sauce, or best of all, with crushed or sliced strawberries. Fruit should be liberally sugared.

When center is well filled place the top layer on, cover with fruit and serve with cream.

Ingredients: Two cupfuls of sifted pastry flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg and three-quarters cupful of milk.

Method: Sift salt and baking powder into flour after it has been sifted twice and measured. Cream, butter, sugar and egg till light. Into this gently stir the milk and flour, alternating (do not beat, just stir lightly), then pour into greased layer cake tin. Bake in brisk oven, then split and prepare with the fruit as directed in foregoing recipe.

Mixed Vegetable Salad.

This may be made of any green vegetables, but in the smart restaurants the chefs put the following things together: French lettuce, endive, cucumbers, celery hearts, green pepper, asparagus tips, pimentos and sometimes string beans. A nest is made of the plain lettuce, the endive is cut in fine strips, and if the asparagus or string beans are of the canned sort they are first washed off with fresh water and then thoroughly drained. The cucumber is cut in paper fine slices. All of the ingredients are put together in a mixing bowl and tossed lightly in a French dressing—olive oil, vinegar or lemon, salt and cayenne. Unless requested not to do so, the French chef also adds a taste of garlic or onion. When served this salad lies in the nest of lettuce leaves with a border of sliced cucumber or radishes cut to look like fuchsias.

To Remove Tea Stains From Linen.

To remove the obstinate tea stain from your fine linen tablecloth, spread the stained part over a basin, and pour (from a height) clean soft boiling water through it. If the stain has been allowed to dry it will be the harder to remove, but where this method is applied at once while the stain is fresh and moist, the marks will disappear like magic. Where the stains are long set, rub in a little powdered borax and pour on more boiling water; then place the articles to soak in a basin, later washing it in the ordinary way and the stains will be effectually removed. When any article has had either coffee or tea spilled on it, be careful not to allow any soap to touch it, as the alkali of the soap will make the coloring matter into a fast dye, which can hardly be bleached out.

Kitchen Wisdom.

A cheerful cook makes a fine dessert.

Stir a smile into the pudding.

"I forgot"—spoiled the broth.

Flavor the salad with the oil of loving kindness.

Plain cooking—handsome children.

Good service is half the dinner.

Guess—and ruin the cake.

Cleanliness is godliness. Nature is clean.

A merry heart makes light pastry.

Clean hands and light bread.

Order, cleanliness and know-how—these three; and the greatest of these is know-how.

The hand that stirs the batter rules the world.

To Remove a Paint Stain.

To remove the paint stain from the new felt hat, touch the stain lightly with spirits of turpentine, or benzine. Keep the spot moist by repeated applications and after a time the paint will be found quite soft, so that it may easily be lifted with a knife. Take off the surface part thus and apply more of the cleanser to a soft cloth dipped in the cleanser. If any trace of the injury still remains treat with alcohol, giving the whole hat a rub with a cloth moistened in it, as this treatment will freshen the appearance.

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Elkdon County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 16, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See "The Devil" at the Lyceum next Thursday evening.

—The sheriff's sales for the June term of court appear in this issue.

—Screen doors and windows are advertised by Daly & Garlick in this issue.

—Last Sunday was "Mother's Day" and many white carnations were worn in her honor.

—Bradford is to have a new tapestry factory. It will employ 25 people at the start.

—Tenant houses in a desirable location are a very scarce in Smethport at present.

—Roy Colegrove is laid up with a burned hand received at the Berney-Bond Glass Bottle factory.

—The Holmes & Gilhillan house on Bank street occupied by C. H. Burlingame and family, is being painted.

—The second trial of John M. Andrews for the murder of Emile Amann at Warren was started in Erie yesterday.

—Fry & Comes in this space this week tell about a stock of dainty summer parasols which will probably interest you.

—The Smethport High School baseball team went to Mt. Jewett last Friday and were defeated by a similar team of that place by a score of 21 to 6.

—Clarence V. T. Richeson, who was convicted of the murder of Avis Linnell at Boston, has been taken to the death cell and probably will pay the penalty of death next week.

—The first teachers' examinations of the year was held in the court room by County Superintendent C. W. Lillibridge on Friday and Saturday and a goodly number of aspirants took these examinations.

—The residence of James Lilly and family, together with all its contents, was destroyed by fire at Norwich on Wednesday of last week. Mr. Lilly carried no insurance and the loss is a severe one to this estimable family.

—The Fourth of July celebration in Smethport this year is going to be a hummer and everybody in this section should make early preparations to be here on that date. Don't think of trying some other place, because some one tells you it is "just as good."

—The annual memorial service of the Glass Bottle Blowers association will be held at the Baptist church next Sunday evening. Members of the local branch will meet at I. O. O. F. hall at 6:45 and march to the church where services will begin at 7:30. All are invited to attend.

—We are in receipt of a program of the Graduating Class of Mt. Jewett schools and we note that among the graduates is Miss Helen L. Rogers, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rogers, formerly well-known residents of Smethport, where all concerned have many friends and relatives. The Miner takes this opportunity of extending congratulations to Miss Rogers and her parents.

—Felix Blensenaur was brought here from Norwich last Saturday and lodged in jail, his mental condition being the cause. An examination proved that he was not sufficiently unbalanced to warrant his being sent to the asylum at Warren and he probably will be released to-day.

—A wife is a regular employee of her husband and as such is entitled to a regular salary, according to Judge Goodnow, of the court of domestic relations in Chicago. No longer is it necessary that she go through his trouser's pockets to get change. When the husband's pay day comes Mrs. Wife may demand her share and be backed by the municipal courts in her demands.

—Clark Brothers machine shops at Belmont, N. Y., were completely destroyed by fire last Saturday morning, together with the foundry and offices. The loss is placed at $200,000, nearly covered by insurance. The plant will be rebuilt. Lynn Hopper, formerly of this place, and brother of W. B. Hopper, of this office, is an employee in these shops.

—Mrs. Martin Hall, who is 64 years of age, was accidentally shot in the arm by her husband at their home near South Olean, N. Y., Wednesday. Mr. Hall, unaware that the gun was loaded, took it down and started to clean it in the kitchen where his wife was at work. It is not believed that the injury will disable the woman, but the shock is serious on account of her advanced age.

—It is expected that within a short time a new train service between Bradford and Buffalo will be inaugurated on the B., R. & P. Train No. 18 will leave Bradford about 6 o'clock in the morning and train No. 17 in returning, will leave Buffalo at such a time that will enable it to make connections with the Punxsutawney train which leaves here at 5:10 o'clock in the afternoon.—Bradford Era.

—Friday, June 14, will be the 135th anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the flag of the United States. The American Flag associations call upon the President, the governor of each state and the mayor of all cities, and the members of all American patriotic societies to celebrate the day by unfurling the Stars and Stripes. The public recognition of Flag Day as a national anniversary is becoming more and more general each year and since the struggle of 1861-1865, the flag has become the symbol of a mighty nation. It has been carried to the utmost parts of the earth, carrying liberty wherever it has been thrown to the breeze. The Stars and Stripes, within the recent past, have come to possess new beauty for friendly eyes and new terror for the foes of liberty.

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Little higher in cost, but much higher in quality.

FREE 200 Page Book—tells all about oil.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

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ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

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Smethport, Pa.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line
BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent in advance, prepay freight* and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers to rider agents.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $4.00 profit above factory cost. You can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices.

BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $6 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires **$4.80** *A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY*

The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 (cash with order or $4.85 C. O. D.)

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

NAILS, Tacks, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture-resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D" also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make. **TOP ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.**

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.56 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at our expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We're a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom
—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

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BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
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McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 16, 1912.

Col. Roosevelt swept California by upwards of 50,000 at the Presidential primaries held in that state on Tuesday, thus adding 26 to his list of delegates. Admirers of Roosevelt now feel certain that he will be nominated on the first ballot, while the best the Taft supporters hope for is that a dark horse may succeed Mr. Taft as president.

The proposed amendment to the federal constitution providing for election of United States senators by direct vote of the people has received a two-thirds vote in both houses of Congress. It now goes to the legislatures of the states, and if three-fourths of the states in this manner ratify it the amendment becomes a par of the fundamental law.

The senate last week added $300,000 to the appropriation bill to improve the Allegheny river and $5,000 for the reservoirs at its headwaters. It will take a great deal of money to bring the old Allegheny back to its original beauty. The relics of the numerous saw mills which used to line its bank are still there and the refuse from the chemical and acid factories have polluted the water until but few fish are left in it. What should be one of the most beautiful and serviceable streams in the state has received but scant attention, at least along the headwaters.—Eldred Eagle.

Two masked men held up the New Orleans limited, northbound, on the New Orleans and North Eastern railroad, eight miles south of Hattiesburg, Miss. early yesterday morning and dynamited the safe of the express car. They secured probably $250,000. The passengers were not molested. It is learned from the express company officials that the train carried $250,000 in currency for St. Louis, Chicago and New York banks. The money was in two packages, one containing $140,000 and the other $110,000. Trainmen declared that before the order forbidding them to talk was issued, that the bandits secured the entire amount. The authorities refused to admit this.

A report has been circulated that Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is the mother of a beautiful boy baby born 21 months ago and nearly a year after she and her husband, Harry Thaw, were separated by his imprisonment at Matteawan. A dispatch from Fishkill denies the report in the following language: Although it was impossible to communicate with Harry Thaw at the State hospital to-day Durds and other officials declared that the baby story was without foundation and utterly nonsensical. Thaw's mother is now with her daughter, the Countess of Yarmouth, at Washington, D. C. Friends of the family declared that the story was without foundation.

The tests used by alienists to determine a person's sanity are of such a peculiar character than the impression grows that the continual hectoring of these experts is quite liable to cause a wobbling of a sane person's mental machinery. In a recent test of Richeson, the man charged with the cruel murder of Avis Linnel, the man was submitted to many tests and among them were the following: His knee caps were tapped with a silver hammer; he was blindfolded and made to jump first on one foot and then on the other; he was pricked all over the body with a gold pen and put through a brisk series of gymnastic exercises. Seven hours were consumed in this test. Dr. Cilly, physician at the Charles street jail where Richeson is imprisoned, declares that the man is sane now, but believes that he may lose his mind through the grilling of the alienists. In view of the tests to which sanity experts subject their subjects, there may be sound reasoning in the opinion of Dr. Cilly.

Colonel Roosevelt expects to be nominated on the first ballot at Chicago, according to a dispatch from Oyster Bay, dated May 12. No longer, says the dispatch, is he in any doubt as to the outcome of the fight. The ex-President counts up 400 delegates for himself of the 782 already elected. These include some 125 now marked in the contested column. The Taft managers at Washington give the Colonel 272 delegates up to date as against 450 for the President. Roosevelt maintains that the Taft men are claiming a horde of delegates that they know in their hearts will vote for the Colonel although not openly committed. The estimate of to-day is the first that has come with the stamp of authority. The Colonel is absolutely certain of his figures. He has gone over the whole list with Senator Dixon. He has made allowances to Taft for all delegates in the contested column that he feels any doubt about. Leaving a wide margin for the Taft side, he finds 400 delegates that, he estimates, may safely be counted upon of these already elected. As to getting the remainder of 130 odd delegates needed to capture the nomination Roosevelt has no fear. While he would not be quoted on it to-day it is known that he expects to carry off nearly all of the 26 California delegates. With at least 25 delegates that he thinks New York will throw to him and those of Ohio and New York, in which states he anticipates getting two-thirds, Roosevelt considers the nomination "clinched."

DELIBERATE JUSTICE.

From the New York Times—Published by Request.

What might have been the outcome of the case of the miscreant Brandt had the judiciary been under that "direct control" by the people which at present is so strongly urged by the "Progressives"?

The memory of the public is short, and one set of facts is easily crowded out of mind by another. But the recent unanimous action of the second highest tribunal of the State, taken with deliberation after thorough argument and careful study, must suggest, if only by contrast, the temper of a large part of the community for a long period of heated and ignorant passion. During that time the judgment of a court was sought in practically but one phase of the case, and the judgment rendered amid general public excitemnt has just been pronounced signally erroneous. We have no wish to question the entire good faith of the Judge thus overruled, but it is plain, as a matter of cold fact, that his course did not promote the ends of justice, and it is known, as a matter of recent history, that, however innocently, it did promote the popular agitation of mind which tended strongly to defeat the ends of justice. It is proper and, indeed, it is imperative to ask what would be the probable effect upon the welfare of society were it made easy for a momentary majority of the people, by the recall of Judges and the revision of decisions, to influence the conduct of the courts.

It must be remembered that for the most part the feeling of the public, instilled and stimulated largely by cunning and wicked demagogues, and finally aroused to something like blind fury, was essentially a generous feeling, which would have been justified had the facts been as those who shared the feeling were misled to believe they were. Thousands of well meaning men were convinced that a poor youth had, by a conspiracy in the interest of a rich man, been sent to prison for a very long term for a crime he did not commit. Had the case really been this, no outburst of indignation would have been excessive. In truth, the case was wholly different. A young man of vilely perverted moral nature, after sentence for a confessed crime of heinous nature, involving assault with a murderous weapon upon his employer, had invented—or had had invented for him— in order to secure his release, a monstrous slander, which, to his victim, was more cruel than murder. This slander was industrially spread and, despite its inherent incredibility and its disproval by the facts duly ascertained and clearly presented, gained, by incessant repetition, a strong hold on many minds. Its appeal to class prejudice reinforced it, and that appeal was made with ingenuity and with audacity. It still has its effect, which, probably, will never be wholly dissipated.

Under our present judicial system—which we are called upon by the Progressives to upset—the attempt to secure legal effect for the wild error of popular passion has, so far, been defeated. After the criminal had been brought from prison and released on bail, to become for the moment the hero of popular sympathy and interest, the case, thanks to the firmness and good sense of Gov. Dix, took its orderly course to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, composed of eight members, chosen for their learning, experience and judicial attitude. It was duly and exhaustively argued. It was examined closely and impartially. It was weighed with the proper deliberation and consideration of the provisions of law and precedent. And the Justices hearing the case unanimously decided that the Judge below had erred, that the prisoner's claim presented no ground for his release, and that he must be returned to serve out a sentence in which there was no flaw. In other words, an appeal was taken from a popular judgment, based on a mistaken notion of facts, amid a storm of passion cunningly aroused and guided, to a court of law and justice. The law is enforced; justice is done. The supreme value of an independent, impartial, and fearless judiciary is, for the millionth time, established. Is there an honest man, with sense enough to see plain facts as they are, who does not perceive in this chapter of current history a crushing condemnation of the notion that the courts should be brought more directly under popular control? Undoubtedly our courts, like all human institutions, have their defects and their faults. The people also have means for the correction of these, and have often used these means. But since the process is deliberate and gives time and opportunity for the use of reason, the result has been a steady advance in the administration of justice. Is it worth while to change it for a process as perilous as it is rash and hasty, by which the worst injustice—as this case shows—might easily be done, and when done be, in all its wretched consequences, irreparable?

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO EX-SOLDIERS.

To all ex-soldiers and sailors residing in the 21st Congressional district:
Gentlemen:

Last Saturday night President Taft signed the new pension bill passed by Congress. As finally agreed upon the law provides increased pensions for 420,965 veterans, according to the estimate of the House and Senate conferees.

Every veteran serving 90 days or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the Civil war who has been honorably discharged, and who is now over 62 years of age, is cared for in the new law.

For veterans 62 years old or over the rate provided for 90 days' service is $13 per month, and it ranges to $16 per month up to three years' service; for 66 years old and over the rate is $15 per month for 90 days and ranges up to $19 for three years; for 70 years old and over the rate for 90 days service is $18 per month and ranges up to $25 per month for three years' service; at 75 years old and over the rate for 90 days is $21 and ranges up to $30 per month for three years.

All pensions shall commence from the date of filing applications.

Mexican war soldiers who served 60 days are entitled to $30 per month.

Rank in the service is not considered in the application.

The new law does not bar the soldier from prosecuting his claim under any other general or special act.

Pension attorneys or claim agents are not entitled to compensation for any service rendered claimant under this act except for original pension for persons who have not heretofore received pensions.

All ex-soldiers affected by this act are cordially invited to drop me a line and I will forward, to them free of postage or other expense, blank applications for original or increase pensions, and all needed information in connection therewith will also be cheerfully furnished.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES E. PATTON,
M. C. 21st District Pennsylvania.
Washington, D. C., May 13, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Yesterday's Bradford Era says: Ray Wheeler, the amateur aviator, whose death was noted in a St. Louis dispatch printed in the Era yesterday morning, was a former resident of Bradford. He was the son of the late Mrs. E. B. Davis, formerly Mrs. E. M. Wheeler who lived at No. 596 East Main street. He was also a brother of Mrs. Harry Weems, of Pittsburgh, formerly of Bradford. Wheeler lived here until about two years ago. The Olean papers state that Wheeler was employed as a linotype operator on the Olean Evening Times and went from Olean to Washington, D. C., where he was employed for a time in the government printing office.

—The Travellers' Club held its annual meeting and election of officers on Saturday afternoon, at which time various reports were submitted. The past year has been a very enjoyable and harmonious one and the entire list of officers were re-elected as follows: President, Mrs. H. L. McCoy; vice-presidents, Mrs. J. Scott Walker and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton; secretary, Mrs. L. K. Hogarth; treasurer, Mrs. Charles McKeon. These officers together with Miss May Choate, Mrs. John N. Apple, Miss Millicent Pattison and Mrs. Guy H. McCoy, make up the executive board. The house committee consists of Mesdames E. A. Studholme, T. A. Morrison, C. H. Gleason, D. L. Forsythe and F. W. Brownell.

—While returning on her wheel from Westons Saturday afternoon Frances Stull collided with a motor cycle ridden by a Mr. Hastings of Shinglehouse, and she was quite badly bruised up, although no bones were broken. It seems that she was following a load of lumber and as this load passed a load of hay going in the opposite direction, Frances tried to pass both teams by making use of the intervening space between them. Evidently Mr. Hastings tried the same thing and they crashed together. The motor cycle rider was not injured, but the bicycle was completely demolished.—Portville Review. Miss Stull is a daughter of J. C. Stull of Portville and has many friends here who hope for her speedy recovery.

—Those who have thought of the play problem as one that affects only the larger cities will be surprised to learn that rural communities are providing recreation centers and placing trained directors in charge. What is being done in different districts will be found at a Rural Recreation Congress which is to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, June 6th-8th. The leaders in the rural life movement in America are interested in this Congress. President Butterfield, of the Massachusetts State Agricultural College, says of the program of the Rural Recreation Congress: "I am particularly impressed by the program for the Rural Recreation Congress. I think it is a remarkable program. It promises to be the most illuminating discussion on rural recreation that has ever been held in the country."

—The Junior class of the Smethport high school entertained the senior class and the members of the high school faculty very pleasantly on Saturday evening in the high school building. The lower hall and landings were attractively decorated with rugs, pennants and cozy corners. During the early part of the evening, seven young ladies of the junior class, the Misses Adela Malcolm, Ellen Anderson, Halen and Norine Kidder, Jennie Curran, Grace Wilson and Leona Hogarth gave a very amusing sketch, "The Sisters." The company was then seated at two long tables in the upper hall and a delicious banquet was served by four sophomore girls, under the supervision of Miss Millicent Pattison. The tables were attractively decorated with carnations and dainty hand-painted place cards. Impromptu speeches were made by Miss Norine Kidder, president of the Junior class; Harold Day, president of the Senior class; Principal Stanley Bright and Miss Helen McGowan. A pleasant feature of the evening was a serenade by the Citizens' band.

SEED POTATOES FOR SALE.

New York State White. $1.75 per bushel.

2t C. H. GLEASON.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Irene Roberts
vs.
Charles W. Roberts.
No. 95, December Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Irene Roberts did on the 11th day of November, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, CHARLES W. ROBERTS.

We therefore command you, the said Charles W. Roberts, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Irene Roberts, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Irene Roberts, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. A true copy.

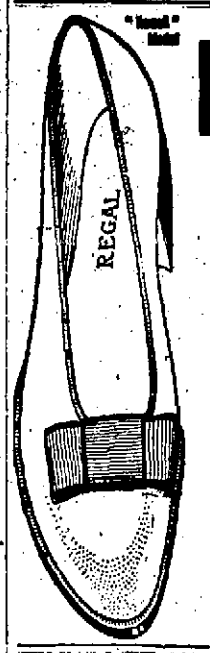
M. C. HAIN, Sheriff.

Huey & Hubbard, Libellant's Attys.
Smethport, Pa., May 6, 1912.

Princeton Paints
$1.50 per Gallon
We pay the Freight
on
Three Gallons or More
Send for color card.
A. MILLER & SON LUMBER CO.
BRADFORD, - PA.

Position
We need more graduates to fill the high grade positions offered. Special inducements for next school year. Now is your time. Write for particulars.
WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Engagement Extraordinary
LYCEUM THEATER
Thursday, May 23.
The Eminent Actor
EDUARD WALDMANN
Supported by an excellent company of players
In His own special version of
THE DEVIL
BEAUTIFUL WARDROBE
Wonderful Electric Effects.
Prices 25c to $1.00



NEW REGALS
IN SHOES AND OXFORDS
Black and Tan. Button and Lace.
All Leathers
All Styles
All Sizes
All Widths
All Prices
Try on a Pair.
H. W. Rubin.
THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey
Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.
It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.
F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
Smethport, - - - Pa.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To **Brasted's**

THE PIERCE-ARROW
A PERFECT MOTOR CAR
The chief reason for the existence of the Pierce-Arrow Standards has been to afford a purchaser of a Pierce-Arrow Car the greatest measure of service and to maintain design and construction throughout on a plane that brings closer each year the attainment of the ideal upon which every effort of the entire Pierce-Arrow construction is directed.
Pierce-Arrow Sales Company
756 Main Street
Buffalo

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

"FLY TIME IS HERE"

Before house cleaning is the time to keep out the Flies.

We have screen doors in all styles and sizes, also the window screens in all heights, and prices.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

I is The Wounded Bird That Flutters.

Wind Whistles, Prices Talk.

We belong to no Combination of Prices. Our Aim Will be to Sell Goods at the Market Value.

Best granulated sugar	6c
Royal baking powder	39c
7 bars oak leaf soap	25c
6 bars Fels Naptha seop	25c
Gold Dust, large size	19c
Post toasties 9c, 3 for	25c
Kellogs corn flakes 9c, 3 for	25c
Arm & Hammar soda	6c
Corn starch	6c
Good green tea	38c
Good uncolored tea	42c
Good Rio coffee	25c
Good Rio and Java	28c
6 lbs oat flakes	25c

Headquarters for fresh fruit and vegetables.

Prompt Delivery Bell 'phone 107

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as Second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 16, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—"The Devil" is the attraction at the Lyceum next Thursday evening.

—Some repairs are being made on St. Luke's church, under the direction of C. E. Powell.

—Miss Ruth Walker entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Water street yesterday afternoon.

—The Ladies' Aid Society will hold a sale of cooked food at Brownell's store on Saturday, May 18, at 2:30.

—The morning subject at the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday will be "The Greatest Among Us."

—A new oak floor is being placed in the M. E. church of this place. A. H. Kidder has charge of the work.

—Case Brothers Cutlery plant in Bradford was damaged $5,000 by fire last Saturday. The loss is covered by insurance.

—J. Cooper Hoffman has a wireless telegraph apparatus in his house. He receives many messages from a distance and the instrument gives general satisfaction.

—Mart Heinlein has about completed the foundation for the house he moved up from Farmers Valley last winter and placed on his lot on East Main street. The building will be ready for a tenant in a short time.

—Lyman McIntyre of Port Allegany is serving a 10-day jail sentence in the county jail for stealing a ride on a railroad train. He was arrested by Officer Carpenter and given a hearing before Justice M. N. Allen.

—Miss Winifred Roeder left yesterday for Williamsport and Canton, Pa., where she will give talks at meetings of the Baptist Foreign Missionary society to be held in those places.

—The invitations to the commencement exercises of the class of 1912 of the Smethport high school, which will be held Tuesday, May 28, have been issued. The exercises will be held at 8 o'clock in the Lyceum.

—A party of Greeks have rented J. A. Holder's store in the Holder block and will open a fruit, candy and ice cream store in that building. We understand that Mr. Holder will give them possession about June 1.

—The leap year dance given at the Smethport Lyceum last Friday evening by a number of our young people was not largely attended, there only being about a dozen couples present. However those who did attend had a good time. Chadwick's orchestra furnished music.

—Services at the Baptist church Sunday, May 19: Preaching 10:30 a. m., subject, "The Man Who Had Better Not Have Been Born." Sunday school, 11:45 a. m. Evening service, 7:30, subject, "Workingmen and Wages." The bottle blowers and window-light unions are to be present. J. Booth, pastor.

—Fred Milroy, a well-known young man who has been in the employ of George Denning in his meat market for a long time, underwent an operation for appendicitis at his home on Mechanic street last Friday afternoon. The operation was performed by Dr. Evan O'N. Kane of Kane and Dr. Burg Chadwick of this place. The young man is getting along nicely and his many friends expect to see him about in a reasonably short time.

—A Barre granite monument weighing about eight tons has just been erected on the family lot of C. S. Kipp in Rose Hill cemetery. Also a monument on the lot of Mrs. Mary Cooper. The work was furnished by Fole Bros. Co., monument builders, of Olean.

—Our new fire bell has at last been completed and is ready for business but let us hope that we will not have to use it for fire purposes for a long time. There has been much delay in the erection of this bell and now that it has finally been completed is welcome news to everybody here.

—The Epworth League held a well attended business meeting on Thursday evening and elected the following officers: President, Miss Mabel Lyle; 1st vice-president, Miss Carrie Day; 2nd vice-president, Miss Jennie Kohn; 3rd vice-president, Miss Verna Cramer; 4th vice-president, Miss Juva Chadwick; secretary, Miss Iva Holder; treasurer, Miss Ina Milroy.

—News was received here last evening from Buffalo that Mrs. James McGowan, who underwent an operation there, was in a very serious condition and asked her relatives to come at once. Later, however, another message stated that she had revived somewhat. Her daughter, Miss Emogene, left this morning to be with her mother until she is improved.

—Miss Mabel Day, a popular young lady of this place, underwent an operation for appendicitis at her home on Water street last Friday. Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane and Dr. M. J. Kayes of Kane and Dr. John Clark of this place performed the operation. Her case was a very serious one, but at this time she is improving rapidly and her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

—Controller General Wm. A. Wright of Atlanta, Ga., has received the following letter from a prominent Georgian who lives in Ware county: "I have very much the appearance of a woman and when dressed as such and wearing long hair I look a perfect figure of a female and would not be noticed as a man. I wish to adopt this attire because it is more suitable for me than male attire."

—The morning public service of the Methodist Episcopal church will be held in the chapel, owing to improvements being made in the auditorium. Preaching service, 10:30; Sunday school, 12 m.; Epworth League, 6:45. There will be no evening preaching service, the congregation will worship with the Baptist people on the occasion of the annual sermon to the Glass Bottle blowers.

—Skidding on the slippery clay soil near Irvineton, Warren county, at noon on Monday, the touring car owned by Dr. T. S. Stanford of Sheffield, and containing besides Dr. Stanford, his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kempf and Mrs. N. Kempf, all of Sheffield, was precipitated with its occupants, down a high and steep embankment. The party almost miraculously escaped death, no one being injured to any great extent except Martin Kempf, who suffered the fracture of several ribs and sustained a sprained back. The top of the auto, it is said saved the lives of the party.

—One of the most thrilling plays and at the same time the most interesting and amusing is the sensational play, "The Devil," which will introduce the eminent English actor, Eduard Waldmann and his company in the above play at the Smethport Lyceum, Friday, May 24, where Mr. Waldmann has been selected as the special attraction. Although he has appeared in all the great Shakespearean plays, Mr. Waldmann's greatest success, especially in the large cities, has been attained in the interpretation of the dual role of the sensation drama.

—Miss Fern Davis, a member of St. Mark's Episcopal church choir at Johnstown, Pa., and a highly respected young lady, aged 19 years, died at her home Sunday from the effects of a terrible beating at the hands of her fiancee, George Henderson, on Wednesday night of last week. Henderson induced her visit his home with him. When they arrived they found the rest of the family out and he attacked her with a club. When arrested he admitted his guilt and said that he must have been crazy at the time. It is said that others considered him of unsound mind at times.

—Saturday's Bradford Era says: J. H. Wheeler, the Washington street milk dealer who left a series of communications in which he announced his intentions to jump into the Allegheny river, with suicidal intent, is undoubtedly still in the land of the living. The Era found yesterday that Wheeler had planned for several days to get away. Instead of going about the city and paying a number of bills, he is reported to have collected several accounts and when he left Bradford he had considerable money in his possession. It is also found that a few days before he went away, there was shipped from Bradford a case of tools and a suit case. His clothing is also reported to be missing from his room on Boylston street. Up until last evening the body of the supposed suicide had not been recovered from the river.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Guy B. Mayo had business in Olean last Saturday.

Mrs. V. B. Bouton was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Sheriff M. C. Bain had business in Bradford yesterday.

Principal Stanley Bright was a Kane visitor last Friday.

Floyd Pettis left to-day for a visit to Parkersburg, W. Va.

Ward B. Means was a business visitor in Mt. Jewett on Friday last.

C. W. Catlin of Port Allegany was a court attendant here on Tuesday.

Daniel Bacon of DuBois was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. Clayton Backus and son, Teddy, are visiting in Bradford this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin of Olean are here for the funeral of Thomas O'Brien.

J. C. Cunningham was a business visitor in Brookville the forepart of the week.

Mrs. Charles Pierson of Canandaigua, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. Burg Chadwick.

Mrs. George Richards of Kasson was the guest of her daughter in town over Sunday.

James Bedeaux of Bradford was visiting friends in this place the fore part of the week.

Mrs. Campbell of Eldred was the guest of her daughter, Miss Vinnie, over Sunday.

Joseph McAlee of Johnsonburg is in town to attend the funeral of Thomas O'Brien.

Col. Mellville Gillett, Harry Metzgar and H. L. Backus were Olean visitors last Saturday.

Miss Beulah Holder was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Foster Studholme, in Olean over Sunday.

Miss Esther Owen of Port Allegany was the guest of Smethport friends last Friday and Saturday.

Misses Mary Steinhauer and Jennie Templeton of Farmers Valley visited friends in town yesterday.

Francis Brandell has finished his studies at Allegany college and returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. F. C. Sartwell, daughter Margaret, and Miss Vera Jones were Bradford visitors on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Stoner and Mrs. Fessmeyer of Bradford are here to attend the funeral of Thomas O'Brien.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCarthy of Pittsburgh arrived in town to-day to attend the funeral of Thomas O'Brien.

Thomas O'Brien, Jr., and son of Olean were called here last Saturday by the serious illness of Thomas O'Brien, Sr.

Miss Inza Sherburne, who attends Mechnics Institute at Rochester, N. Y., was home on a visit from Friday till Tuesday.

Dr. F. C. Pierce and his cousin, Wm. Porter, left to-day for an all-summer vacation at Washington, D. C., and Chesepeake Beach, Md.

Mrs. C. H. Curtis who has been the guest of friends and relatives in Fillmore and Buffalo, N. Y., for a few days returned home Tuesday.

Miss Ethel Tull and Miss Harriet Weed of Buffalo passed Sunday at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Tull, of Bank street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove were in Uniontown, Pa., the forepart of the week where they attended the meetings of the Grand Circle of th P. H. C.

Miss Emogene McGowan spent Sunday with her mother in Buffalo, where Mrs. McGowan is receiving treatment at a hospital. Mrs. McGowan is improving as fast as possible.

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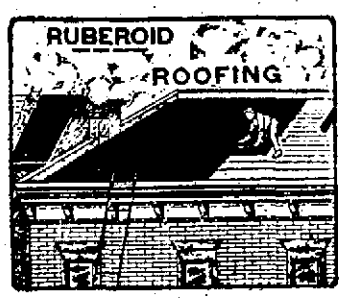

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EXCUSE ME!

By RUPERT HUGHES

NOVELIZED FROM THE COMEDY OF THE SAME NAME.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLAY AS PRODUCED BY HENRY W. SAVAGE.

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CHAPTER XXVII.—Marjorie's dog is missing. She pulls the cord, stopping the train. Conductor restores dog and lovers quarrel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Lathrop wires for a preacher to marry him and Miss Gattle. Mallory tells Lathrop of his predicament and arranges to borrow the preacher.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Kitty Lewellyn, former sweetheart of Mallory's, appears and arouses Marjorie's jealousy.

CHAPTER XXX.—Preacher boards train.

CHAPTER XXXI.—After marrying Lathrop and Miss Gattle the preacher escapes Mallory by leaping from moving train.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Foiled Yet Again.

Mallory had fled from the scene at the first hum of the minister's words. His fate was like alkali on his palate. For twelve hundred miles he had ransacked the world for a minister. When one dropped on the train like manna through the roof, even this miracle had to be checkmated by a perverse miracle that sent to the train an early infatuation, a silly affair that he himself called puppy-love. And now Marjorie would never marry him. He did not blame her. He blamed fate.

He was in solitude in the smoking room. The place reeked with dritting tobacco smoke and the maledor of cigar stubs and cigarette ends. His plans were as useless and odious as cigarette ends. He dropped into a chair, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands—Napoleon on St. Helena.

And then, suddenly, he heard Marjorie's voice. He turned and saw her hesitating in the doorway. He rose to welcome her, but the smile died on his lips at her chilly speech:

"May I have a word with you, sir?"

"Of course. The air's rather thick in here," he apologized.

"Just wait!" she said, ominously, and stalked in like a young Zenobia. He put out an appealing hand: "Now, Marjorie, listen to reason. Of course I know you won't marry me now."

"Oh, you know that, do you?" she said, with a squared jaw.

"But, really, you ought to marry me—not merely because I love you—and you're the only girl I ever—" He stopped short and she almost smiled as she taunted him: "Go on—I dare you to say it."

He swallowed hard and waived the point. "Well, anyway, you ought to marry me—for your own sake."

Then she took his breath away by answering: "Oh, I'm going to marry you, never fear."

"You are," he cried, with a rush of returning hope. "Oh, I knew you loved me."

She pushed his encircling arms aside. "I don't love you, and that's why I'm going to marry you."

"But I don't understand."

"Of course not," she sneered, as if she were a thousand years old, "you're only a man—and a very young man."

"You've ceased to love me," he protested, "just because of a little affair I had before I met you?"

Marjorie answered with world-old wisdom: "A woman can forgive a man anything except what he did before he met her."

He stared at her with masculine dismay at feminine logic. "If you can't forgive me, then why do you marry me?"

"For revenge!" she cried. "You brought me on this train all this distance to introduce me to a girl you used to spoon with. And I don't like her. She's awful!"

"Yes, she is awful," Mallory assented. "I don't know how I ever—"

"Oh, you admit it!"

"No."

"Well, I'm going to marry you—now—this minute—with that preacher, then I'm going to get off at Reno and divorce you."

"Divorce me! Good Lord! On what grounds?"

[illegible] of Miss Kitty—[illegible]—or whatever [illegible] with punishment, and the vain effort to foresee her next blow. "But you can't name a woman that way," he pleaded, "for just being nice to me before I ever met you."

"That's the worst kind of unfaithfulness," she reiterated. "You should have known that some day you would meet me. You should have saved your first love for me."

"But last love is best," Mallory interposed, weakly.

"Oh, no, it isn't, and if it is, how do I know I'm to be your last love? No, sir, when I've divorced you, you can go back to your first love and go round the world with her till you get dizzy."

"But I don't want her for a wife," Mallory urged, "I want you."

"You'll get me—but not for long. And one other thing, I want you to get that bracelet away from that creature. Do you promise?"

"How can I get it away?"

"Take it away! Do you promise?"

Mallory surrendered completely. Anything to get Marjorie safely into his arms: "I promise anything, if you'll really marry me."

"Oh, I'll marry you, sir, but not really."

And while he stared in helpless awe at the cynic and termagant that jealousy had metamorphosed this timid, clinging creature into, they heard the conductor's voice at the rear door of the car: "Hurry up—we've got to start."

They heard Lathrop's protest: "Hold on there, conductor," and Selby's plea: "Oh, I say, my good man, wait a moment, can't you?"

The conductor answered with the gruffness of a despot: "Not a minute. I've my orders to make up lost time. All aboard!"

While the minister was tying the last loose ends of the matrimonial knot, Mallory and Marjorie were struggling through the crowd to get at him. Just as they were near, they were swept aside by the rush of the bride and groom, for the parson's "I pronounce you man and wife," pronounced as he backed toward the door, was the signal for another wedding riot.

Once more Ira and Anne were showered with rice. This time it was their own. Ira darted out into the corridor, hailing his brand-new wife by the wrist, and the wedding guests pursued them across the vestibule, through the next car, and on, and on.

Nobody remained to notice what happened to the parson. Having performed his function, he was without further interest or use. But to Mallory and Marjorie he was vitally necessary.

Mallory caught his hand as it turned the knob of the door and drew him back. Marjorie, equally determined, caught his other elbow:

"Please don't go," Mallory urged, "until you've married us."

The Reverend Charles stared at his captors in amazement:

"But my dear man, the train's moving."

Marjorie clung all the tighter and invited him to "Come on to the next stop."

"But my dear lady," Selby gasped, "it's impossible."

"You've just got to," Mallory insisted.

"Release me, please."

"Never!"

"How dare you!" the parson shrieked, and with a sudden wriggle writhed out of his coat, leaving it in Marjorie's hands. He darted to the door and flung it open, with Mallory hot after him.

The train was kicking up a cloud of dust and getting its stride. The kidnapped clergyman paused a moment, aghast at the speed with which the ground was being paid out. Then he climbed the brass rail and, with a hasty prayer, dropped overboard.

Mallory lunged at him, and seized him by his reversed collar. But the collar alone remained in his clutch. The parson was almost lost in the dust he created as he struck, bounded and rolled till he came to a stop, with his stars and his prayers to thank for injuries to nothing worse than his dignity and other small clothes.

Mallory returned to the observation room and flung the collar and bib to the floor in a fury of despair, howling: "He got away! He got away!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Empty Berth.

The one thing Mallory was beginning to learn about Marjorie was that she would never take the point of view he expected, and never proceed along the lines of his logic.

She had grown furious at him for what he could not help. She had told him that she would marry him out of spite. She had commanded him to pursue and apprehend the flying parson. He failed and returned crestfallen and wondering what new form her rage would take.

And, lo and behold, when she saw him so downcast and helpless, she rushed to him with caresses, cuddled his broad shoulders against her breast, and smothered him. It was the sincerity of his dejection and the complete helplessness he displayed that won her woman's heart.

Mallory gazed at her with almost more wonderment than delight. This was another flashlight on her character. Most courtships are conducted under a rose-light in which wooer and wooed wear their best clothes on their best behavior; or in a starlit, moonlit, or gaslit twilight where romance softens angles and wraps everything in velvet shadow. Then the two get married and begin to live together in the cold, gray daylight of realism, with undignified [illegible] and harrowing situations [illegible] step, and disillusion begins [illegible] work.

This young couple was undergoing all the inconveniences and temper-exposures of marriage without its blessed compensations. They promised to be well acquainted before they were wed. If they still wanted each other after this ordeal, they were pretty well assured that their marriage would not be a failure.

Mallory rejoiced to see that the hurricane of Marjorie's jealousy had only whipped up the surface of her soul. The great depths were still calm and unmoved, and her love for him was in and of the depths.

Soon after leaving Ogden, the train entered upon the great bridge across the Great Salt Lake. The other passengers were staring at the enormous engineering masterpiece and the conductor was pointing out that, in order to save forty miles and the crossing of two mountain chains, the railroad had devoted four years of labor and millions of dollars to stretching a thirty-mile bridge across this inland ocean.

But Marjorie and Mallory never noticed it. They were absorbed in exploring each other's souls, and they had safely bridged the Great Salt Lake which the first big bitter jealousy spreads across every matrimonial route.

They were undisturbed in their voyage, for all the other passengers had their noses flattened against the window panes of the other cars—all except one couple, gazing each at each through time-wrinkled eyelids touched with the magic of a tardy honeymoon.

For all that Anne and Ira knew, the Great Salt Lake was a moon-swept lagoon, and the arid mountains of Nevada which the train went scaling, were the very hillsides of Arcadia.

But the other passengers soon came trooping back into the observation room. Ira had told them nothing of Mallory's confession. In the first place, he was a man who had learned to keep a secret, and in the second place, he had forgotten that such persons as Mallory or his Marjorie existed. All the world was summed up in the fearsomely happy little spinster who had moved up into his section—the section which had begun its career draped in satin ribbons unwittingly prophetic.

The communion of Mallory and Marjorie under the benison of reconciliation was invaded by the jokes of the other passengers, unconsciously ironic.

Dr. Temple chaffed them amiably: "You two will have to take a back seat now. We've got a new bridal couple to amuse us."

And Mrs. Temple welcomed them with: "You're only old married folks, like us."

The Mallorys were used to the misunderstanding. But the misplaced witticisms gave them reassurance that their secret was safe yet a little while. At their dinner-table, however, and in the long evening that followed they were haunted by the fact that this was their last night on the train, and no minister to be expected.

And now once more the Mallorys regained the star roles in the esteem of the audience, for once more they quarreled at good-night-kissing time. Once more they required two sections, while Anne Gattle's berth was not even made up. It remained empty, like a deserted nest, for its occupant had flown south.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Fresh Trouble Daily.

The following morning the daylight creeping into section number one found Ira and Anne staring at each other. Ira was tousled and Anne was unkempt, but her blush still gave her cheek at least an Indian summer glow.

After a violent effort to reach the space between her shoulder blades, she was compelled to appeal to her new master to act as her new maid.

"Oh, Mr. Lathrop," she stammered—"Ira," she corrected, "won't you please hook me up?" she pleaded.

Ira beamed with a second childhood boyishness: "I'll do my best, my little ootsum-tootsums, it's the first time I ever tried it."

"Oh, I'm so glad," Anne sighed, "it's the first time I ever was hooked up by a gentleman."

He gurgled with joy and, forgetting the poverty of space, tried to reach her lips to kiss her. He almost broke her neck and bumped his head so hard that instead of saying, as he intended, "My darling," he said, "Oh, hell!"

"Ira!" she gasped. But he, with all the proprietorship he had assumed, answered cheerily: "You'll have to get used to it, ducky darling. I could never learn not to swear." He proved the fact again and again by the remarks he addressed to certain refractory hooks. He apologized, but she felt more like apologizing for herself.

"Oh, Ira," she said, "I'm so ashamed to have you see me like this—the first morning."

"Well, you haven't got anything on me—I'm not shaved."

"You don't have to tell me that," she said, rubbing her smarting cheek. Then she bumped her head and gasped: "Oh—what you said."

This made them feel so much at home that she attained the heights of frankness and honesty by reaching in her handbag for a knob of supplementary hair, which she affixed dextrously to what was home-grown. Ira, instead of looking shocked, loved her for her honesty, and grinned:

"Now, that's where you have got something on me. Say, we're like a couple of sardines trying to [illegible] love in a tin can."

"It's [illegible]"

and shyly ran the gauntlet of amused glances and over-cordial 'Good mornings" till she hid her blushes behind the door of the women's room and turned the key. If she had thought of it she would have said, "God bless the man that invented doors—and the other angel that invented locks."

The passengers this morning were all a little brisker than usual. It was the last day aboard for everybody and they showed a certain extra animation, like the inmates of an ocean liner when land has been sighted.

Ashton was shaving when Ira swaggered into the men's room. Without pausing to note whom he was addressing, Ashton sang out:

"Good morning. Did you rest well?"

"What?" Ira roared.

"Oh, excuse me!" said Ashton, hastily, devoting himself to a gash his razor had made in his cheek—even in that cheek of his.

Ira scrubbed out the basin, filled it and tried to dive into it, slapping the cold water in double handfuls over his glowing face and puffing through it like a porpoise.

Meanwhile the heavy-eyed Fosdick was slinking through the dining car, regarded with amazement by Dr. Temple and his wife, who were already up and breakfasting.

"What's the matter with the bridal couples on this train, anyway?" said Dr. Temple.

"I can't imagine," said his wife, "we old couples are the only normal ones."

"Some more coffee, please, mother," he said.

"But your nerves," she protested.

"It's my vacation," he insisted.

Mrs. Temple stared at him and shook her head: "I wonder what mischief you'll be up to today? You've already been smoking, gambling, drinking—have you been swearing, yet?"

"Not yet," the old cregyman smiled. "I've been saving that up for a good occasion. Perhaps it will rise before the day's over."

And his wife choked on her tea at the wonderful train-change that had come over the best man in Ypsilanti.

By this time Fosdick had reached the stateroom from which he had been banished again at the Nevada state-line. He knocked cautiously. From within came an anxious voice: "Who's there?"

"Whom did you expect?"

Mrs. Fosdick popped her head out like a Jill in the box. "Oh, it's you, Arthur. Kiss me good morning."

He glanced round stealthily and obeyed instructions: "I guess it's safe—my darling."

"Did you sleep, dovie?" she yawned. "Not a wink. They took off the Portland car at Granger and I had to sleep in one of the chairs in the observation room."

Mrs. Fosdick shook her head at him in mournful sympathy, and asked: "What state are we in now?"

"A dreadful state—Nevada."

"Just what are we in Nevada?"

"I'm a bigamist, and you've never been married at all."

"Oh, these awful divorce laws!" she moaned, then left the general for the particular: "Won't you come in and hook me up?"

Fosdick looked shocked: "I don't dare compromise you."

"Will you take breakfast with me—in the dining-car?" she pleaded.

"Do we dare?"

"We might call it luncheon," she suggested.

He seized the chance: "All right, I'll go ahead and order, and you stroll in and I'll offer you the seat opposite me."

"But can't you hook me up?"

He was adamant: "Not till we get to California. Do you think I want to compromise my own wife? Shh! Somebody's coming!" And he darted off to the vestibule just as Mrs. Jimmie Wellington issued from number ten with hair askew, eyes only half open, and waist only half shut at the back. She made a quick spurt to the women's room, found it locked, stamped her foot, swore under her breath, and leaned against the wall of the car to wait.

About the same time, the man who was still her husband according to the law, rolled out of berth number two. There was an amazing clarity to his vision. He lurched as he made his way to the men's room, but it was plainly the train's swerve and not an inner lurch that twisted the forthright of his progress.

He squeezed into the men's room like a whole crowd at once, and sang out, "Good morning, all!" with a wonderful heartiness. Then he paused over a wash basin, rubbed his hands gleefully and proclaimed, like another Chantecler advertising a new day:

"Well—I'm sober again!"

"Three cheers for you," said his rival in radiance, bridegroom Lathrop.

"How does it feel?" demanded Ashton, smiling so broadly that he encountered the lather on his brush.

While he sputtered Wellington was flipping water over his hot head and incidentally over Ashton.

"I feel," he chortled, "I feel like the first little robin redbreast of the merry springtime. Tweet! Tweet!"

When the excitement over his redemption had somewhat calmed, Ashton reopened the old topic of conversation:

"Well, I see they had another scrap last night."

"They—who?" said Ira, through his flying toothbrush.

"The Mallorys. Once more he occupied number three and she number seven."

"Well, well, I can't understand these modern marriages," said Little Jimmie, with a side glance at Ira. Ira suddenly remembered the plight of the Mallorys and was tempted to defend them, but he saw the young lieutenant himself just entering the washroom. This was more than Wellington saw, for he went on talking from behind a towel:

"Well, if I were a bridegroom and had a bride like that, it would take more than a quarrel to send me to another berth."

The others made gestures which he could not see. His enlightenment came when Mallory snapped the towel from his hands and glared into his face with all the righteous wrath of a man hearing his domestic affairs publicly discussed.

"Were you alluding to me, Mr. Wellington?" he demanded, hotly.

Little Jimmie almost perished with apoplexy: "You, you?" he mumbled. "Why, of course not. You're not the only bridegroom on the train."

Mallory tossed him the towel again: "You meant Mr. Lathrop then?"

"Me! Not much!" roared the indignant Lathrop.

Mallory returned to Wellington with a fiercer: "Whom, then?"

He was in a dangerous mood, and Ashton came to the rescue: "Oh, don't mind Wellington. He's not sober yet."

This inspired suggestion came like a life-buoy to the hard-pressed Wellington. He seized it and spoke thickly: "Don't mind me—I'm not sober yet."

"Well, it's a good thing you're not," was Mallory's final growl as he began his own toilet.

The porter's bell began to ring furiously, with a touch they had already come to recognize as the Englishman's. The porter had learned to recognize it, too, and he always took double the necessary time to answer it. He was sauntering down the aisle at his most leisurely gait when Wedgewood's rumpled mane shot out from the curtains like a lion's from a jungle, and he bellowed: "Pawtah! Pawtah!"

"Still on the train," said the porter.

"You may give me my portmanteau."

"Yassah." He dragged it from the upper berth, and set it inside Wedgewood's berth without special care as to its destination. "Does you desire anything else, sir?"

"Yes, your absence," said Wedgewood.

"The same to you and many of them," the porter muttered to himself, and added to Marjorie, who was just starting down the aisle: "I'll suttainly be interested in that man gittin' where he's goin' to git to." Noting that she carried Snoozleums, he said, "We're comin' into a station right soon." Without further discussion she handed him the dog, and he hobbled away.

When she reached the women's door, she found Mrs. Wellington waiting with increasing exasperation: "Come, join the line at the box office," she said.

"Good morning. Who's in there?" said Marjorie, and Mrs. Wellington, not noting that Mrs. Whitcomb had come out of her berth and fallen into line, answered sharply:

"I don't know. She's been there forever. I'm sure it's that cat of a Mrs. Whitcomb."

"Good morning, Mrs. Mallory," snapped Mrs. Whitcomb.

Mrs. Wellington was rather proud that the random shot landed, but Marjorie felt most uneasy between the two tigresses: "Good morning, Mrs. Whitcomb," she said. There was a disagreeable silence, broken finally by Mrs. Wellington's: "Oh, Mrs. Mallory, would you be apgelic enough to hook my gown?"

"Of course I will," said Marjorie.

"May I hook you?" said Mrs. Whitcomb.

"You're awfully kind," said Marjorie, presenting her shoulders to Mrs. Whitcomb, who asked with malicious sweetness: "Why didn't your husband do this for you this morning?"

"I—I don't remember," Marjorie stammered, and Mrs. Wellington tossed over-shoulder an apothegm: "He's no husband till he's hook-broken."

Just then Mrs. Fosdick came out of her stateroom. Seeing Mrs. Whitcomb's waist agape, she went at it with a brief, "Good morning, everybody. Permit me."

Mrs. Wellington twisted her head to say "Good morning" and to ask, "Are you hooked, Mrs. Fosdick?"

"Not yet," pouted Mrs. Fosdick.

"Turn round and back up," said Mrs. Wellington. After some maneuvering, the women formed a complete circle, and fingers plied hooks and eyes in a veritable Ladies' Mutual Aid Society.

By now, Wedgewood was ready to appear in a bathrobe about as gaudy as the royal standard of Great Britain. He stalked down the aisle, and answered the male chorus's cheery "Good morning" with a ramlike "Baw."

Ira Lathrop felt amiable even toward the foreigner, and he observed: "Glorious morning this morning."

"I dare say," growled Wedgewood. "I don't go in much for mawnings—especially when I have no tub."

Wellington felt called upon to squelch him: "You Englishmen never had a real tub till we Americans sold 'em to you."

"I dare say," said Wedgewood indifferently. "You sell 'em. We use 'em. But, do you know, I've just thought out a ripping idea. I shall have my cold bath this mawning after all."

"What are you going to do?" growled Lathrop. "Crawl in the ice-water tank?"

"Oh, dear, no. I shouldn't be let," and he produced from his pocket a rubber hose. "I simply affix this little tube to one end of the spigot and wave the sprinkiah hyah over my—er—my person."

Lathrop stared at him pityingly, and demanded: "What happens to the water, then?"

"What do I care?" said Wedgewood.

"You durned fool, you'd flood the car."

Wedgewood's high hopes withered. "I hadn't thought of that," he sighed. "I suppose I must continue just as I am till I reach San Francisco. The first thing I shall order tonight will be four cold tubs and a lemon squash."

While the men continued to make themselves presentable in a huddle, the hook-and-eye society at the other end of the car finished with the four waists, and Mrs. Fosdick hurried away to kep her tryst in the dining-car. The three remaining relapsed into dreary attitudes. Mrs. Wellington shook the knob of the forbidding door, and turned to complain: "What in heaven's name ails the creature in there. She must have fallen out of the window."

"It's outrageous," said Marjorie, "the way women violate women's rights."

Mrs. Whitcomb saw an opportunity to insert a stiletto. She observed to Marjorie, with an innocent air: "Why, Mrs. Mallory, I've seen known women to lock themselves in there and smoke!"

While Mrs. Wellington was rummaging her brain for a fitting retort, the door opened, and out stepped Miss Gattle, as was.

She blushed furiously at sight of the committee waiting to greet her, but they repented their criticisms and tried to make up for them by the excessive warmth with which they all exclaimed at once: "Good morning, Mrs. Lathrop!"

"Good morning, who?" said Anne, then blushed yet redder: "Oh, I can't seem to get used to that name! I hope I haven't kept you waiting?"

"Oh, not at all!" the women insisted, and Anne fled to number six, remembered that this was no longer her home, and moved on to number one. Here the porter was just finishing his restoring tasks, and laying aside with some diffidence two garments which Anne hastily stuffed into her own valise.

Meanwhile Marjorie was pushing Mrs. Wellington ahead:

"You go in first, Mrs. Wellington."

"You go first. I have no husband waiting for me," said Mrs. Wellington.

"Oh, I insist," said Marjorie.

"I couldn't think of it," persisted Mrs. Wellington. "I won't allow you."

And then Mrs. Whitcomb pushed them both aside: "Pardon me, won't you? I'm getting off at Reno."

"So am I," gasped Mrs. Wellington, rushing forward, only to be faced by the slam of the door and the click of the key. She whirled back to demand of Marjorie: "Did you ever hear of such impudence?"

"I never did."

"I'll never be ready for Reno," Mrs. Wellington wailed, "and I haven't had my breakfast."

"You'd better order it in advance," said Marjorie. "It takes that chef an hour to boil an egg three minutes."

"I will, if I can ever get my face washed," sighed Mrs. Wellington.

And now Mrs. Anne Lathrop, after much hesitation, called timidly, "Porter—porter—please!"

"Yes—miss—miss-us!" he amended. "Will you call my—" she gulped—"my husband?"

"Yes, ma'am," the porter chuckled, and putting his grinning head in at the men's door, he bowed to Ira and said: "Excuse me, but you are sent for by the lady in number one."

Ashton slapped him on the back and roared: "Oh, you married man!"

"Well," said Ira, in self-defense, "I don't hear anybody sending for you." Wedgewood grinned at Ashton. "I rather fancy he had you theah, old top, eh, what?"

Ira appeared at number one, and bending over his treasure-trove, spoke in a voice that was pure saccharine: "Are you ready for breakfast, dear?"

"Yes, Ira."

"Come along to the dining-car."

"It's cosier here," she said. "Couldn't we have it served here?"

"But it'll get all cold, and I'm hungry," pouted the old bachelor, to whom breakfast was a sacred institution.

"All right, Ira," said Anne, glad to be meek; "come along," and she rose.

Ira hesitated. "Still, if you'd rather, we'll eat here." He sat down.

"Oh, not at all," said Anne; "we'll go where you want to go."

"But I want to do what you want to do."

"So do I—we'll go," said Anne.

"We'll stay."

"No, I insist on the dining-car."

"Oh, all right, have your own way," said Ira, as if he were being bullied, and liked it. Anne smiled at the contrariness of men, and Ira smiled at the contrariness of women, and when they reached the vestibule they kissed each other in mutual forgiveness.

As Wedgewood stropped an old-fashioned razor, he said to Ashton, who was putting up his safety equipment: "I say, old party, are those safety razors safe? Can't you really cut yourself?"

"Cut everything but hair," said Ashton, pointing to his wounded chin.

Mallory put out his hand: "Would you be kind enough to lend me your razor again this morning?"

"Sure thing," said Ashton. "You'll find your blade in the box there."

Mallory then negotiated the loan of one more fresh shirt from the Englishman, and a clean collar from Ashton. He rejoiced that the end of the day would bring him in touch with his own baggage. Four days of foraging on the country was enough for this soldier.

Also he felt, now that he and Marjorie had lived thus long, they could

survive so relentless till evening brought the train to San Francisco where there were hundreds of minister And then the conductor must ruin His early morning of leisure, though he made his appearance in the washroom with genial good mornings for all

Mallory acknowledged the greeting, and asked offhandedly: 'By the way, how's she running?'

The conductor answered even more offhandedly About two hours late—and losin'"

Mallory was transfixed with a new fear. 'Good Lord, my transport sails at sunrise.'

'Oh, we ought to make 'Frisco by midnight, anyway'

'Midnight, and sail at daylight!'"

"Unless we lose a little more time"

Mallory realized that every new day managed to create its own anxieties With the regularity of a milkman, each morning left a fresh crisis on his doorstep

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Complete Divorcee.

The other passengers were growing nervous with their own troubles The next stop was Reno, and in spite of all the wit that is heaped upon the town, it is a solemn place to those who must go there in purgatorial penance for matrimonial error.

Some honest souls regard such divorce-emporiums as dens of evil, where the wicked make a mockery of the sacrament and assail the foundations of society, by undermining the home Other equally honest souls, believing that marriage is a human institution whose mishaps and mistakes should be rectified as far as possible, regard the divorce courts as cities of refuge for ill treated or ill-mated women and men whose lives may be saved from utter ruination by the intervention of high-minded judges

What, whichever view is right, the ordeal by divorce is terrifying enough to the poor sinners or martyrs who must undergo it

Little Jimmie Wellington turned pale, and stammered, as he tried to ask the conductor casually:

'What kind of a place is that Reno?'

The conductor, somewhat cynical from close association with the divorce mill and its grist, grinned: "That depends on what you're leaving behind, Most folks seem to get enough of it in about six months

Then he went his way, leaving Wellington red, agape and perplexed The trouble with Wellington was that he had brought along what he was leaving behind Or, as Ashton impudently observed "You ought to enjoy your residence there, Wellington, with your wife on hand"

The only repartee that Wellington could think of was a rather uninspired "You go to —"

'So long as it isn't Reno," Ashton laughed, and walked away.

Wedgewood laid a sympathetic hand on Little Jimmie's shoulder, and said: "That Ashton is no end of a bounder, what?'

Wellington wrote his epitaph in these words:

"Well, the worst I can say of him is, he's the kind of man that doesn't lift the plug out when he's through with the basin."

He liked this so well that he wished he had thought of it in time to crack it over Ashton's head. He decided to hand it to him anway. He forgot that the cardinal rule for repartee, is "Better never than late."

As he swung out of the men's room he was buttonholed by an individual new to the little Trans-American colony One of the camp-followers and sutlers who prosper round the edges of all great enterprises had waylaid him on the way to the battleground of marital freedom

The stranger had got on at an earlier stop and worked his way through the train to the car named "Snowdrop" Wellington was his first victim here. His pushing manner, the almost vulture-like rapacity of his gleaming eyes, and the very vulturine contour of his profile, his palmy gestures, his thick lisp, and everything about him gave Wellington his immediate pedigree.

It ill behooves Christendom to need reminding that the Jewish race has adorned and still adorns humanity with some of its noblest specimens; but this interloper was of the type that must have irritated Voltaire into answering the platitude that the Jews are God's chosen people with that other platitude, "Tastes differ."

Little Jimmie Wellington, hot in pursuit of Ashton, found himself checked in spite of himself; in spite of himself deposited somehow into a seat, and in spite of himself confronted with a curvilinear person, who said:

"Excoose, pleass! but are you gettink off at R-r reno?"

"I am," Wellington answered, curtly, essaying to rise, only to be delicately restored to his place with a gesture and a phrase:

"Then you neet me."

"Oh, I need you, do I? And who are you?"

"Who ain't I? I am Baumann and Blumen. Our cart, please."

Wellington found a pasteboard in his hand and read the legend:

Real Estate Agents — Mortgage Transfers

Baumann & Blumen

Divorce Outfitters

222 Nimrod Avenue, Reno, Nevada

Notary Public, Justice of the Peace — Divorces Secured, Satisfaction Guaranteed

Wellington looked from the crowded card to the [illegible] face "Divorce Outfitters, [illegible] gotte get you."

"Vell, in the foist place—"

"The fol-t place,' eh? You're from New York'

'Yes, critchirally How did you know it? By my feshionable cloth ink?"

'Yes," laughed Wellington "But you say I need you. How?"

"Vell, you've got maybe some beggetch, some trunks—yes?'

"Yes"

"Vell, in the foist place, I am an expressman I deliver 'em to your address—yes? Vere iss it?'

"I haven't got any yet"

"Also I am addressman Do you vant it a nice hotel?—or a fine house?—or an apartment?—or maybe a boarding house?—yes? How long do you make a residence?"

"Six months"

"No longer?'

"Not a minute"

"Take a fine house, den. I got some beauties just vacated"

"For a year?—no thanks."

"All the leases in Reno run for six months only."

"Well, I'd like to look around a little first"

'Good. Don't forget us. You come out here for six months. You vant maybe a good quick divorce—yes?"

"The quickest I can get."

"Do you vant it confidential? or very nice and noisy?"

"What's that?"

"Ve are press agents and also suppress agents. Some likes 'em one way, some likes 'em anudder. Vich do you vant it?"

"Quick and quiet."

"Painless divorce is our specialty. If you pay me an advence deposit now, I file your claim de minute de train stops and your own vife don't know you're divorced"

I'll think it over," said Wellington, rising with resolution

"Don't forget us Baumann and Blumen Satisfaction guaranteed or your wife refunded Avoid substitoots" And then, seeing that he could not extract any cash from Little Jimmie Mr. Baumann descended upon Mallory, who was just finishing his shave Laying his hand on Mallory's arm he began

"Excoose, pleass. Can I fit you out vit a nice divorce?"

"Divorce? — me' — that's good,' laughed Mallory at the vision of it Then a sudden idea struck him. It took no great genius to see that Mr Baumann was not a clergyman, but there were other marriers to be had "You don't perform marriages, do you?" he asked.

Mr Baumann drew himself up: "Who says I don't? Ain't I a justice of the peaces?"

Mallory put out his hand in welcome: then a new anxiety chilled him. He had a license for Chicago, but Chicago was far away: "Do I need a license in Nevada?"

"Why shouldn't you?" said Mr Baumann. "Don't all sorts of things got to have a license in Nevada, saloons, husbands, dogs—"

"How could I get one?" Mallory asked as he went on dressing

"Ain't I got a few vit me? Do you vant to get a nice re-marriage license?"

"Re-marriage?—hub'" he looked round, and, seeing that no one else was near "I haven't taken the first step yet"

Mr. Baumann laved his hands in one another: "A betcheler? Ah, I see you vant to marry a nice divorcee lady in R r-reno?'

"She isn't in Reno and she has never been married, either."

This simple statement seemed to astound Mr. Baumann:

"A betcheller marry a maiden'—in Reno!—oi, oi, oi' It hasn't been done yet, but it might be"

Mallory looked him over and a twinge of distaste disturbed him: "You furnish the license, but—er—ah—is there any chance of a clergyman—a Christian clergyman—being at the station?"

"Vy do you vant it a cloigyman! Can't I do it just as good? Or a nice fat alderman I can get you?"

Mallory pondered: "I don't think she'd like anything but a clergyman."

"Vell," Baumann confessed, "a lady is liable to be particular about her foist marriage. Anyvay I sell you de license."

"All right."

Mr. Baumann whipped out a portfolio full of documents, and as he searched them, philosophized: "A man ought alvays to carry a good marriage license. It might be he should need it in a hurry" He took a large iron seal from his side-pocket and stamped the paper and then, with fountain pen poised, pleaded: "Vat is the names, pleass?"

"Not so loud!" Mallory whispered.

Baumann put his finger to his nose, wisely: "I see, it is a confidential marriage. Sit down once."

When he had asked Mallory the necessary questions and taken his fee, he passed over the document by which the sovereign state of Nevada graciously permitted two souls to be made more or less one in the eyes of the law.

"Here you are," said Mr. Baumann "Vit dat you can get married anyvere in Nevada."

Mallory realized that Nevada would be a thing of the past in a few hours more and he asked:

"It's no good in California?"

"Himmel, no. In California you bot' gotta go and be examined."

"Examined!" Mallory gasped, in dire alarm.

"Vit questions, poissonally," Mr. Baumann hastened to explain.

"Oh!"

"In Nevada," Baumann insinuated, still hopeful, "I could mary you myself—now, right here"

'Could you marry us in this smoking room?'

[illegible]

"It's not a bad idea," said Mallory. 'I'll let you know"

Seeing Marjorie coming down the aisle, he hastened to her, and hugged her good-morning with a new confidence

Dr. and Mrs Temple, who had returned to their berth, witnessed this greeting with amazement After the quarrel of the night before surely some explanation should have been overheard, but the puzzling Mallorys flew to each other's arms without a moment's delay. The mystery was exciting the passengers to such a point that they were vowing to ask a few questions point blank. Nobody had quite dared to approach either of them, but frank curiosity was preferable to nervous prostration, and the secret could not be kept much longer Fellow-passengers have some rights Not even a stranger can be permitted to outrage their curiosity with impunity forever.

Seeing them together, Mrs Temple watched the embrace with her daily renewal of joy that the last night's quarrel had not proved fatal. She nudged her husband:

"See, they're making up again"

Dr. Temple was moved to a violent outburst for him: "Well, that the darnedest bridal couple—I only said darn, my dear."

He was still more startled when Mr. Baumann, cruising along the aisle, bent over to murmur: "Can I fix you a nice divorce?'

Dr. Temple rose in such an attitude of horror as he assumed in the pulpit when denouncing the greatest curse of society, and Mr Baumann retired. As he passed Mallory he cast an appreciative glance at Marjorie and, tapping Mallory's shoulder, whispered: "No vonder you want a marriage license I'll be in the next car, should you neet me" Then he went on his route.

Marjorie stared after him in wonder and asked: 'What did not person mean by what he said?'

"It's all right, Marjorie," Mallory explained, in the highest cheer. "We can get married right away."

Marjorie declined to get her hopes up again: "You're always saying that"

"But here's the license—see?"

"What good is that?" she said; "there's no preacher on board"

"But that man is a justice of the peace and he'll marry us"

Marjorie stared at him incredulously: 'That creature!—before all these passengers?"

'Not at all," Mallory explained. "We'll go into the smoking room"

Marjorie leaped to her feet, aghast: "Elope two thousand miles to be married in a smoking room by a Yiddish drummer! Harry Mallory, you're crazy."

Put just that way, the proposition did not look so alluring as at first He sank back with a sigh: "I guess I am I resign."

He was as weary of being "foiled again" as the villain of a cheap melodrama. The two lovers sat in a twilight of deep melancholy, till Marjorie's mind dug up a new source of alarm:

"Harry, I've just thought of something terrible."

"Let's have it," he sighed, drearily

"We reach San Francisco at midnight and you sail at daybreak. What becomes of me?"

Mallory had no answer to this problem, except a grim. "I'll not desert you."

"But we'll have no time to get married."

"Then," he declared with iron resolve, "then I'll resign from the army."

Marjorie stared at him with awe. He was so wonderful, so heroic. "But what will the country do without you?"

"It will have to get along the best it can," he answered with finality "Do you think I'd give you up?"

But this was too much to ask In the presence of a ruined career and a heroless army, Marjorie felt that her own scruples were too petty to count. She could be heroic, too

"No!" she said, in a deep, low tone, "No, we'll get married in the smoking room. Go call your drummer!"

This opened the clouds and let in the sun again with such a radiant blaze that Mallory hesitated no longer. "Fine!" he cried, and leaped to his feet, only to be detained again by Marjorie's clutch:

"But first, what about that bracelet?"

"She's got it," Mallory groaned, slumping from the heights again.

"Do you mean to say she's still wearing it?"

"How was I to get it?"

"Couldn't you have slipped into her car last night and stolen it?"

"Good Lord, I shouldn't think you'd want me to go—why, Marjorie—I'd be arrested!"

But Marjorie set her jaw hard: "Well, you get that bracelet, or you don't get me." And then her smoul dering jealousy and grief took a less hateful tone: "Oh, Harry!" she wailed, "I'm so lonely and so helpless and so far from home."

"But I'm here," he urged.

"You're farther away than anybody," she whimpered, huddling close to him.

"Poor little thing," he murmured, soothing her with voice and kiss and caress.

"Put your arm round me," she cooed, like a mourning dove, "I don't care if everybody is looking. Oh, I'm so lonely."

"I'm just as lonely as you are," he pleaded, trying to creep into the company of her misery.

"Please marry me soon," she implored, "won't you, please?"

"I'd marry you this minute if you'd say the word" he whispered

[illegible]

child 'I should think you would understand my feelings That awful person is waiting your bracelet and I have only your ring and her bracelet is ten times as big as my ring, boo-hoo-hoo-oo"

I'll get that bracelet if I have to chop her arm off, Mallory vowed.

The sobs stopped short, as Marjorie looked up to ask "Have you got your sword with you?"

It's in my trunk," he said, "but I'll manage."

Now you're speaking like a soldier,' Marjorie exclaimed, 'my brave, noble, beautiful, fearless husband I'll tell you' That creature will pass through this car on her way to breakfast You grab her and take the bracelet away from her.'

"I grab her, eh?" he stammered, his heroism wavering a trifle

"Yes, just grab her"

'Suppose she hasn't the bracelet on?" he mused

'Grab her anyway," Marjorie answered, fiercely Besides, I've no doubt it's wished on." He said nothing "You did wish it on, didn't you?"

'No, no—never—of course not—" he protested. "If you'll only be calm. I'll get it if I have to throttle her"

Like a young Lady Macbeth, Marjorie gave him her utter approval in any atrocity, and they sat in ambush for their victim to pass into view.

They had not had their breakfast, but they forgot it A dusky waiter went by chanting his "Lass call for breakfuss in Rining Rar" He chanted it thrice in their ears, but they never heard. Marjorie was gloating over the discomfiture of the odious creature who had dared to precede her in the acquaintance of her husband-to-be The husband to be was miserably wishing that he had to face a tribe of bolo-brandishing Moros, instead of this trivial girl whom he had looked upon when her cheeks were red.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. and Mrs. Little Jimmie.

Mrs Sammy Whitcomb had longed for the sweet privilege of squaring matters with Mrs Jimmie Wellington. Sneers and back biting, shrugs and shudders of contempt were poor compensation for the ever vivid fact that Mrs Wellington had proved attractive to her Sammy while Mrs Wellington's Jimmie never looked at Mrs Whitcomb Or if he did, his eyes had been so blurred that he had seen two of her—and avoided both

Yesterday she had overheard Jimmie now sobriety. Today his shining morning face showed that he had kept his word She could hardly wait to begin the flirtation which, she trusted, would render Mrs Wellington helplessly furious for six long Reno months.

The Divorce Drummer interposed and held Jimmie prisoner for a time, but as soon as Mr. Baumann released him, Mrs Whitcomb apprehended him. With a smile that beckoned and with eyes that went out like far-cast fishhooks, she drew Leviathan into her net.

She reeled him in and he plounced in the seat opposite What she took for bashfulness was reluctance. To add the last charm to her success, Mrs Wellington arrived to see it. Mrs Whitcomb saw the lonely Ashton rise and offer her the seat facing him. Mrs Wellington took it and sat down with the back of her head so close to the back of Mr Wellington's head that the feather in her hat tickled his neck

Jimmie Wellington had seen his wife pass by. To his sober eyes she was a fine sight as she moved up the aisle In his alcohol-emancipated mind the keen sense of wrong endured that had driven him forth to Reno began to lose its edge. His own soul appealed from Jimmie drunk to Jimmie sober. The appellate judge began to reverse the lower court's decision, point by point.

He felt a sudden recrudescence of jealousy as he heard Ashton's voice unctuously, flirtatiously offering his wife hospitality He wanted to trounce Ashton. But what right had he to defend from gallantry the woman he was about to forswear before the world? Jimmie's soul was in turmoil, and Mrs. Whitcomb's pretty face and alluring smile only annoyed him.

She had made several gracious speeches before he quite comprehended any of them Then he realized that she was saying, "I'm so glad you're going to stop at Reno, Mr. Wellington"

"Thank you. So am I," he mumbled, trying to look interested and wishing that his wife's plume would not tickle his neck.

Mrs Whitcomb went on, leaning closer: "We two poor mistreated wretches must try to console one another, muan't we?"

"Yes,—yes,—we must," Wellington nodded, with a sickly cheer.

Mrs Whitcomb leaned a little closer. "Do you know that I feel almost related to you, Mr. Wellington?"

"Related?" he echoed, "you?—to me? How?"

"My husband knew your wife so well."

Somehow a wave of jealous rage surged over him, and he growled: "Your husband is a scoundrel."

Mrs. Whitcomb's smile turned to vinegar: "Oh, I can't permit you to slander the poor boy behind his back. It was all your wife's fault."

Wellington amazed himself by his own bravery when he heard himself volleying back: "And I can't permit you to slander my wife behind her back. It was all your husband's fault"

Mrs Jimmie overheard this behind her back, and it strangely thrilled her. She ignored Ashton's existence and listened for Mrs. Whitcomb's next retort. It consisted of a simple leer drawl 'I think I'll go to breakfast'

She seemed to pick up Ashton with her eyes as she glided by, for, finding himself unnoticed, he rose with a careless I think I'll go to breakfast,' and followed Mrs Whitcomb The Wellingtons sat dos-a-dos for some exciting seconds, and then on a sudden impulse, Mrs. Jimmie rose, knelt in the seat and spoke across the back of it.

'It was very nice of you to defend me, Jimmie—er—James"

Wellington almost dislocated several joints in rising quickly and whirling round at the cordiality of her tone But his smile vanished at her last word He protested, feebly: "James sounds so like a—a butler. Can't you call me Little Jimmie again?"

Mrs Wellington smiled indulgently "Well, since it's the last time Good bye, Little Jimmie." And she put out her hand He seized it hungrily and clung to it' 'Good-bye?—aren't you getting off at Reno?"

"Yes, but—"

'So am I—Lucretia" _

"But we can't afford to be seen together"

Still holding her hand, he temporized: "We've got to stay married for six months at least—while we establish a residence Couldn't we—er—couldn't we establish a residence—er—together?"

Mrs Wellington's eyes grew a little sad, as she answered: "It would be too lonesome waiting for you to roll home"

Jimmie stared at her. He felt the regret in her voice and took strange courage from it He hauled from his pocket his huge flask, and said quickly. "Well, if you're jealous of this, I'll promise to cork it up forever"

She shook her head skeptically: "You couldn't"

"Just to prove it," he said. "I'll chuck it out of the window" He flung up the sash and made ready to hurl his enemy into the flying landscape

Bravo!" cried Mrs Wellington

But even as his hand was about to let go, he tightened his clutch again, and pondered: "It seems a shame to waste it"

"I thought so," said Mrs Jimmie, drooping perceptibly. Her husband began to feel that, after all, she cared what became of him

"I'll tell you," he said, 'I'll give it to old Doc Temple He takes his straight"

"Fine!"

He turned towards the seat where the clergyman and his wife were sitting, oblivious of the drama of reconciliation playing so close at hand Little Jimmie paused, caressed the flask, and kissed it. "Good-bye, old playmate!' Then, tossing his head with bravado, he reached out and touched the clergyman's shoulder. Dr Temple turned and rose with a questioning look. Wellington put the flask in his hand and chuckled: "Merry Christmas!"

"But, my good man—" the preacher objected, finding in his hand a donation about as welcome and as wieldy as a strange baby Wellington winked: "It may come in handy for—your patients"

And now, struck with a sudden idea, Mrs Wellington spoke: "Oh, Mrs Temple."

"Yes, my dear," said the little old lady, rising Mrs Wellington placed in her hand a small portfolio and laughed: "Happy New Year!"

Mrs Temple stared at her gift and gasped: 'Great heavens! Your cigars!"

"They'll be such a consolation," Mrs. Wellington explained, "while the doctor is out with his patients."

Dr. Temple and Mrs Temple looked at each other in dismay, then at the flask and the cigars, then at the Wellingtons, then they stammered: "Thank you so much," and sank back

Wellington stared at his wife: "Lucretia, are you sincere?"

"Jimmie, I promise you I'll never smoke another cigar."

"My love!" he cried, and seized her hand. "You know I always said you were a queen among women, Lucretia."

She beamed back at him: "And you always were the prince of good fellows, Jimmie." Then she almost blushed as she murmured, almost shyly. "May I pour your coffee for you again this morning?"

"For life," he whispered, and they moved up the aisle, arm in arm, bumping from seat to seat and not knowing it.

When Mrs Whitcomb, seated in the dining-car, saw Mrs. Little Jimmie pour Mr Little Jimmie's coffee, she choked on hers She vowed that she would not permit those odious Wellingtons to make fools of her and her Sammy. She resolved to telegraph Sammy that she had changed her mind about divorcing him, and order him to take the first train west and meet her half-way on her journey home.

(Continued next week)

BEST FUN IN THE WORLD

What Charles Battell Loomis Thought About "Making the Sledding Easier" For Others.

Several years ago Charles Battell Loomis, whose death recently brought sorrow to the thousands who had grown to know him through his literary work, wrote a delightful little article on "Lending," from which, because we believe that, like most good things, it will bear repeating, we herewith present an extract:

Isn't it queer how the most of us will cling to our money? Maybe we are bachelors, and have next to no call on our funds, and there is not a day passes that we could not give a young chap a start in business, or make the wedding easier for a few days, but we never think of doing a thing We listen to a call for $10 and hand out the threadbare plea of the need of papering the basement or putting a carpet in the attic, and then in sheer ennui we go to the opera and have a supper afterward, inviting a rich friend, and we blow in $10—perhaps the very $10 that the poor devil wanted, although we have so many $10 it would be hard to tell which was which without marking them

Of course, a man has a right to do what he will with his money, and perhaps if any one of us was rich he would enjoy getting $10's worth of Caruso's voice far better than he would enjoy helping a deserving man out of a hole to the extent of $10, but just looking at it abstractedly, it would seem that the best fun a man could have would be looking around for people who needed help, and helping them

Imagine being a millionaire and going around among the studios or the conservatories and finding out this fellow with talent and that girl with a voice, and helping them to art educations, not asking that they return the money, but pledging them to passathe favor along when they themselves had succeeded

An endless chain of that sort, eh? I'd like to come back here 500 years after it was started just for the purpose of noting how much better the world was by virtue of these benefactions passed along

That's one good thing about human nature If a man does a kindly thing, the fellow benefited never rests until he can go and do something for someone else

From a Washtub to Riches.

A short cut from comparative poverty to affluence has been taken by Magdalena Steinhausen, who, by holding ticket No 10774 in the Prussian State Lottery, has won one-quarter million dollars. She is a peasant girl who slaved over the washtub and toiled in the fields of Silesia when her parents were alive in order to augment the slender income of her laborer father and washerwoman mother Since their death she has continued at manual labor to keep body and soul together, earning at the most $3 a week.

To an interviewer with whom she discussed her stroke of luck she declared the mere thought of possessing so much money made her giddy. She did not fully realize its meaning or how she'd spend it. Her first thought is to buy a neat little cottage, keep pigs and fowls, drink tea all day long and gossip to her heart's desire with her female neighbors. She said that already she has been inundated with offers of marriage, petitions for help, touting circulars and a gigantic pile of promiscuous communications.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK'S INSURANCE OFFICE

Burdick's Music Store

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C. A. BURDICK,

Fire, Tornado, Automobile, Liability, Life and accident insurance.

Companies and service the best.

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See the FREE sewing machine

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when you need those new

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after housecleaning.

I carry everything in that line at all prices.

E. W. STRONG

CRULLER PARTY GREAT FUN

Here Is Suggestion for Inexpensive and Most Pleasant Evening's Entertainment.

If you are looking for an easy way to plan an evening of pure fun, then have a cruller party. Word the invitations thus: "Who likes crullers? If you do, then come help make them at the home of ——, on the evening of ——, and be prepared for the kitchen." This is written on the back of a cruller, made out of water-color paper and tinted brown.

The guests gathered quietly on the porch and when the door was opened, it revealed a group of kitchen maids and chefs, much to the delight of the hostess. The guests were ushered immediately into the kitchen and the fun began with the mixing of ingredients, particular work, and one suggested that he see that every one else did their share, as a large sign hung over the table, "No work, no eat."

When the frying was nearly completed each was given some dough and told to design the most artistic cruller possible and fix it absolutely without help. Such fun as this created, especially to those who knew how, but were not permitted to tell, was a particularly fine design was destined to come out an unsightliness or a too frail affair would be removed in pieces. A late arrival was handed a plate of fearfully and wonderfully made objects and told to decide which was the best form and general appearance. The hostess had collected a number of suggestive advertisements, such as a flour grill, a dish of crullers, a pail of lard, a cookstove. These were mounted on gray cardboard and passepartouted in plaid, making unique and attractive souvenirs. While the coffee was being made ready those who had chosen dishwashing were kept busy at the table. The dishes were large reproductions of the invitations and the favors were tiny coffee pots such as come in doll sets. As the crullers and coffee were enjoyed each one told a joking story in some way connected with cooking.

Hot milk added to potatoes when mashing them will keep them from being soggy.

A pinch of salt thrown into the coffee pot will improve the flavor of the coffee.

A piece of flannel dampened in camphor will polish mirrors.

Castor oil becomes tasteless if beaten and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg.

The best floor covering for a child's playroom is cocoanut matting, which can easily be taken up and shaken twice a week.

When a blanket becomes too thin for the bed do not destroy it. It makes a nice silence cloth or pad for the dining room table.

When packing tie a bottle corks well and put the bottle in the middle of the trunk. If carried solidly in this way they will carry around the world

After the bread is mixed and molded grease the mixing pan in which it is to stand while rising, and the ease with which it can be taken from the pan when making into loaves will be a pleasant feature of the work. Please don't fail to try this at the next bread mixing.

Helpful Hints.

Cocoanut matting may be cleaned with a large coarse cloth dipped in salt and water and then rubbed dry.

Knives which have been used for onions and smell of them can be cleaned by drawing them through a piece of carrot two or three times.

To remove hot water marks from japanned trays use sweet oil. Rub it in well till all marks disappear, then polish the tray with dry flour and a soft cloth.

When gilt frames or molding of rooms have specks of dirt from flies and other causes upon them they may be cleaned with white of egg applied with a camel's hair brush.

To clean dust stained alabaster ornaments, make a paste of whiting, soap and milk. The paste must be left to dry on and then washed away, the surface being then dried with a cloth and then with a flannel, when the ornaments will be found clean and unharmed.

Russian Vegetable Salad.

Cook some carrots and turnips in boiling salt water, adding a little butter when nearly done. Have one or two beets boiled until tender, then peeled. With a vegetable scoop cut the vegetables into round, olive-shaped and sized balls—about a cupful of each. Have also the same amount of asparagus points and string beans. Cut into small pieces two dozen stoned olives and a tablespoonful each of capers and minced pickle. Add to the vegetables, together with a teaspoonful each of chives, tarragon and chervil. Toss lightly together, heap in a salad bowl and cover with mayonnaise. Garnish with olives, pickles and hard-boiled eggs.

Molasses Cookies.

One cup molasses, one cup sugar, one cup melted shortening, preferably of dripping or cod fat, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon ginger, one large teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons salt, flour to roll.

ALMOST A ROMANCE

TALE OF LORD ARTHUR AND ANNA M'GONNIGAL.

Handsome Knight Saved Her Life and Wooed Her, but Suffragetting and Women's Societies Spoiled the Love Story.

Turning the corner of the Rue de Meringue rather abruptly, Anna's horse took fright at a woman's hat. He reared up on his hind legs and plunged violently forward. Just at that instant the saddle girth broke and the horse reared and fell back. It was a critical moment. Anna was in imminent peril. Just as the rider was about to be crushed under the animal there was a clatter of hoofs and a strong arm encircled Anna. She felt herself drawn into safety. She opened her eyes and there was the strong masculine face of Lord Arthur Athelstan, the handsomest man of the oldest family in England.

Being in the arms of Lord Arthur was much nicer than being crushed under the cruel and relentless back of a horse. To be saved by Lord Arthur was a social triumph, too. It was better than being presented to the king or invited to one of Lady Jane Nod Noodle's affairs. Everybody would know who Anna McGonnigal was now. And when Lord Arthus asked if he might call it was certain that Anna would know everybody! Everybody!

Lord Arthur was evidently very hard hit. It was certain. The beautiful girl he had held in his arms had made a great impression on his lordly heart.

Sir Knight Arthur was not a laggard in love and was most happy when he obtained permission to call. It was Anna's brother who greeted him, however, when he arrived at Anna's residence, and told him to make himself thoroughly at home.

"She will be very sorry to miss you," said Anna's brother. "I think she's out suffragetting this afternoon."

Lord Arthur left his card and walked sorrowfully away. The next day being bright and beautiful, Lord Arthur thought he might meet her riding in the park. She had been so sorry to miss him that Lord Arthur thought she might not object to a casual meeting there But luck was against him. There was a meeting for the Prevention of Cruelty to Something or Other that day, and Lord Arthur rode and rode, and finally rode home in the beautiful twilight alone.

Then his regiment was ordered to the Soudan. Lord Arthur made up his mind to see her before he went away, and wrote her a pathetic note of appeal, which Anna answered with a beating heart, telling him to see her by all means! That she must see him before he went away to the war!

But the letter got mixed up in the voluminous mail of Anna, and Lord Arthur received only a note accepting the presidency of a society for the promotion of universal peace—Puck.

A Man-Factory.

The Self Master colony at Union, N. J., is a mill that gets its grist from gutters and levees and grinds from it men who are independent and honest. The method of the colony is to take a man without asking him questions, to put him on his feet by setting him at some useful task, and by giving him complete liberty and 50 cents a week.

The Self Master colony has room for 30 men at a time, and the accommodations always are crowded. Its struggle is a keen one, for the colony aims to be self-supporting. It draws its members from seven classes—the man unable to find immediate employment, the man in middle life who has lost his business, the intemperate young man trying to control himself, the country boy stranded in the city, the rich man's son, wayward and estranged from his family, the man discouraged through domestic troubles, and the man run down physically and mentally and needing outdoor work. These are the worth saving, who, if no help is offered them, drift down through the strata of free lodging house existence into the mire of hobodom, criminality and hopeless mendicancy.—Henry Carter in the World's Work

Greek Theater Is Not Greek.

Another architectural fallacy has exploded. Prof. Charles Knapp of Columbia university, who lectured before the San Francisco Archaeological society on the subject of "The Roman Theater," summoned the temerity to declare before his audience that the Greek theater at Berkeley isn't a Greek theater at all. Professor Knapp even denied the structure the right to claim to be Roman

He claims that the well-known scene of open air Sunday concerts is a sort of hybrid, of Greek and Roman styles of building, the like of which has never before been erected in the history of the world.

The ground upon which he denies the Berkeley structure the right to the term "Greek" is that its stage is too deep, too wide and too high.

Crafty Wooer.

"How did Smiggles win Mrs. Williums over to giving her consent to his marrying her daughter?" asks the young man with the large pipe.

"Met the old lady in the dark hallway and kissed her, then apologized, saying he was sure she was the daughter," explains the young man with the excited socks.—Judge's Library.

FINGER PRINTS ... TALE

Absolute Identification Certain When the Practiced Sleuth Takes Up the Trail.

Many years ago Mark Twain, in his delightful story of "Puddin' Head Wilson," declared that every man's identity, and often, even his destiny, is always on his finger tips. Twice on one day this has been recognized in different parts of the country. It was found that the men who used a launch for the purpose of taking dynamite from the Giant powder works were not the McNamaras. Several finger prints completely exploded the theory. They are, however, the tracks by which others may be overtaken. There could be no doubt that "Edgar R. Jay" arrested in St. Louis for forgery a week after he had married, is Jay Gould Hay, alias Jay Gould, alias Jule Lee. He can not escape the identity of his finger prints at the Indiana and Missouri reformatories.

It was only last year that there were two remarkable warnings to the criminal class to wear gloves. Charles Crispi was arrested and convicted for burglary in New York solely because he left behind on window glass four finger marks. They were only a few hairline etchings, but they singled out of millions of people the only one who could have made them. It was difficult to obtain a jury that would convict on finger print evidence alone, but when it was shown that there is only one chance in sixty-four billions that two finger prints will be alike, that there was no great likelihood of any two of the 1,500,000,000 people now on the earth being able to make the same finger markings, the prisoner gave up. Again, in New York, was the remarkable case growing out of the murder of Isaac Vogel, an itinerate jewel broker. It was a single imprint of a finger on a silver cigarette case that led to the arrest of Joseph Roberts.

Thus far finger print evidence is associated in the public mind with criminology. But the day may come when people registering to vote will be required to press their thumb down next to their names. Philadelphia reformers, who are battling against the floater and duplicate voting system, advocate it They insist that it is only a step beyond requiring the voter to write his name at registration and again—by the side of the first signature—when he comes to vote It is thought the finger print would stop floaters.

Belasco's Flowery Apology.

David Belasco, who bows with such modesty before the curtain calls that greet the presentation of his dramatic successes, occasionally loses his temper during rehearsals of plays, and when he gets angry he does the thing up brown. For the time being, there isn't a peaceful thought in his fertile brain. When he began the rehearsals of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," Miss Henrietta Crossman, the star of the piece, warned him that he must not scold her.

A few days before the first public production, however, Belasco broke out in one of his fine tempers, and Miss Crosman, with head in the air, left the stage and the theater She was walking rapidly up the street when she heard the rush of footsteps behind her. Turning around, she saw the manager, with his arms full of flowers These he held out to her imploringly.

This tribute effected a reconciliation. On the way back to the theater the star noticed a flower stand completely denuded of its stock. Belasco in his pursuit of the fleeing actress, had bought all the flowers in sight.—From Twice-a-month Popular Magazine.

Bother the Button!

All know the annoying habit buttons have of coming off at a moment when they are most needed, says "Answers." It seems sometimes as though nothing short of wire thread will keep them in their places; and even wire breaks away from the cloth.

When next you are sewing on a button, follow these directions, and that button will never trouble you again.

Place your button, take a hairpin—a strong one—and lay it across the button, then sew it over the hairpin. When you have put as much thread through the eyes as they will hold, withdraw the hairpin. Then push the needle through near the button, pull the button up, and wrap the thread several times round between the button and garment. Fasten the thread on the under side of the button, and then you will find that that button will stay on until the garment is worn out.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

Of The Hamlin Bank & Trust Company, of Smethport, Pa., Main street, McKean County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business May 3, 1912.

Resources.

Reserve Fund:		
Cash, Specie and Notes	$16941 50	
Due from Approved Reserve Agents	49580 36	
Legal securities at par..	46900 00	113402 36
Nickels and cents		305 61
Checks and cash items		823 71
Due from Banks and Trust Cos. not in reserve		2325 04
Commercial paper purchased: Upon two or more names		103555 40
Loans upon call with collateral..		8876 00
Time loans with collateral		212723 33
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages		102979 00
Loans without collateral..		137397 19
Bonds, stocks, etc.		176653 19
Mortgages and Judgments of record		28319 10
Office building and lot		17422 44
Furniture and fixtures		2263 23
Overdrafts		2914 63
Other assets not included in above		7740 00
Book value of reserve securities above par		1113 90
Total		$915493 28

Liabilities.

Capital stock paid in	$25000 00
Surplus fund	10000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	44928 21
Individual deposits subject to check (Exclusive of trust funds and savings)	226823 75
Time certificates of deposit	323716 14
Deposits, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania	30000 00
Treasurer's and Certified checks outstanding	1435 19
Total	$915493 28

Corporate Trusts

Total amount (face value) of Trusts under deeds of trust or mortgages executed by Corporations to the Company as Trustee to secure issues of corporate bonds, including Equipment Trusts	$ 63000 00

State of Penna., County of McKean, ss:

I, Ralph E Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of May, 1912

(Signed) HALLIE WALKER, Notary Public.
(Notorial Seal)

Correct—Attest:
(Signed) CHARLES McKEAN,
(Signed) FRED D GALLUP,
(Signed) H. H. REDFIELD,
Directors.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1912.

at 1 o'clock p m, the following described pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows. Beginning at a point on the east side of the right of way of the Erie Railroad Company leading from Bradford to Tarport, and at a point three hundred and fifty (350) feet north from the intersection of the north side of Mill street and the west side of said right of way of the Erie Railroad Company; thence east by line parallel to said Mill street, one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post; thence north by line parallel with the right of way of the Erie Railroad Company two hundred and fifty (250) feet to a post; thence west, by line parallel to first mentioned line, one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a point in the east line of the right of way of said Erie Railroad Company; thence south by said right of way of the Erie Railroad Company two hundred and fifty (250) feet to the place of beginning, containing thirty-seven thousand five hundred (37500) square feet.

ALSO, all that certain other tract or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the east side of the right of way of the Erie Railroad Company's lands leading from Bradford to Tarport and at a point three hundred and fifty (350) feet north from the intersection of the north side of Mill street and east side of right of way of the Erie Railroad Company; thence easterly, by line parallel with Mill street four hundred and five (405) feet to a post on the west bank of the Tuntagwant Creek, thence down said Creek, and along its bank to line of the right of way of the Erie Railroad Company; thence westerly, along said right of way sixteen hundred and eighty (1680) feet to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon situate 1 large frame building with wing, 1 Brick Boiler house, including engines and boiler, and 1 one story frame building.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of The American Metal Door Co., at suit of F. M. Hitchkiss, Trustee.

W. E. Burdick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County, and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2210 being lot South Edgar street; bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post two hundred and eight-nine and one-tenth feet (209.1 ft) north of the northeast corner of Pine Avenue and South Edgar street, marking the southeast corner of Chestnut and South Edgar streets; thence by the south line of Chestnut street parallel to and thirty-five feet (35 ft) from the south line of right of way of the Kane Railroad and likewise fifty feet (50 ft) from the south line of right of way of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, eastward one hundred and forty and five-tenths feet (140.5 ft) to a post; thence parallel to South Edgar street by an alley ten feet (10 ft) wide south forty-four and eight-tenths feet (S 44.8 ft.) to a post; thence by land of A E Mather west one hundred and forty feet (W. 140 ft.) to a post; thence by the east line of South Edgar street north fifty-one and one-tenth feet (N 51.1 ft) to the place of beginning, and having erected thereon a two-story frame dwelling house. Being the same premises conveyed by Elizabeth D. Kane to J M McCarty by deed dated May 11, 1904, and recorded in McKean County in Deed Book 128, page 431.

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of Field street one hundred seven and one-half feet (107½ ft.) west of the northeast corner of Field and Chase streets; thence south, parallel to Chase street, one hundred and ten feet (110 ft.) to the north line of land of Turby; thence west parallel with Field street, forty-two and one-half feet (42½ ft.); thence north, parallel to Chase street, one hundred and ten feet (110 ft.) to the south line of Field street, at the northeast corner of land of James Campbell; thence east along the south line of Field street forty-two and one-half feet (42½ ft.) to the place of beginning, and having erected thereon a large two-story frame building and barn. Being part of the same premises conveyed by J. S Bradley and wife to J. M McCarty by deed dated February 20th, 1906, and recorded in Deed Book 138, page 408.

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post at the southeast corner of lot No 9 on the west side of Chase street, being sixty feet (60 ft.) south of the southwest corner of Chase and Field streets; thence west along land of Marsico and others one hundred seven and one-half feet (107½ ft.); thence south parallel to Chase street fifty feet (50 ft.) to land of Turby; thence east along land of Turby one hundred seven and one-half feet (107½ ft.) to the west line of Chase street; thence north along west line of Chase street fifty feet (50 ft.) to the place of beginning, and having erected thereon a two-story frame dwelling house Being part of the same premises conveyed by John S Bradley and wife to said J. M. McCarty by deed dated February 20, 1906, and recorded in McKean County in Deed Book 138, page 408. These lands are sold and conveyed under and subject to the exceptions, reservations, conditions and restrictions in the said deed mentioned or contained, as the same, reference thereto being had will more fully and at large appear.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J M McCarty and J. E McCarty, at suit of Wayne Brewing Company of Erie

Mullin & Woods, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

3

Defendant's interest in all the said premises described as follows: Situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania and being lot No. 37 of lots of said D F Rosenberg in Fourth Ward of said City as surveyed by John A Sermons and shown on map of said lots recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for said County on April 20, 1877, in Deed Book Vol. 84, page 560, reference to said record being had for more full and complete description and which said lot fronts on north side of William street fifty feet and extends back 100 feet. Subject to the conditions, reservations, &c., set out in deed from second party to first party dated May 2, 1906, recorded in McKean County in Deed Book 115, page 32, &c.

Improved and having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. T Lane et ux, C. B. H Powers, et al, executors of the last will and testament of Dora F Rosenberg, deceased.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Lafayette, now Lewis Run Borough, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a stone and brick corner in the easterly line of the Bradford and Lafayette Highway, at the northwest corner of lot No 14, and the southwest corner of lot No. 15, as per C S Whitney & Co.'s map of Lewis Run, McKean County, Pennsylvania, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 37, at page 90; thence northerly along said Highway's easterly line, sixty-five feet to a point; thence easterly 175 feet, more or less, to a point in the line between Lots No 15 and 17 sixty-five feet northerly from the southeast corner of lot No. 15; thence sixty-five feet along the said line between lots 15 and 17 to the southeast corner of lot No 17, thence northerly along the line between lots 14 and 15, 157 feet, more or less to the place of beginning. Being the southern part of lot No. 15 of C. S Whitney & Co's plot of lots. Being the same land conveyed to Mike Ross by Helen Dinehart and husband by deed dated January 25, 1907, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol 98, page 119.

ALSO all that other piece, parcel or lot of land situate in Lafayette Township, now Lewis Run Borough, McKean County Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post in the north side of St James Place, west seventy-seven (77) feet from its intersection with Mechanic street; thence north forty-four (44) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south forty-three and seven-tenths (43.7) feet to the north line of St James Place thence east twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning; Being Lot No. 200 of Whitney and Wheeler's Addition to Bradford as per survey of L. Gorton, 1877-1878 and being also known as Nos 6 and 8 St James Place; and being the same lands conveyed to J. Ford by deed dated March 14th, 1900, and recorded in McKean County Records in deed book Volume 114, at page 425, &c.

Improved and having thereon erected a two-story frame building

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ella Fox at suit of Smith Brothers

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney

6.

Defendant's interest in all that piece of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post the northwest corner of land heretofore conveyed to the Appert Glass Company; thence north sixty (60) degrees east, thirty nine and five-tenths (39.5) rods to the northeast corner of the same, being a post in the west line of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; thence by west line thereof north twenty-eight and one-half (28½) degrees west, twenty and thirty-eight (20.38) rods; thence south sixty (60) degrees west, thirty-nine (39) rods to a post; thence south thirty (30) degrees east twenty and thirty-eight hundredths (20.38) perches to the place of beginning. Containing five acres of land be the same more or less. Excepting and reserving therefrom along the east end of said piece of land that portion of same known as Railroad Avenue.

Being improved and having thereon one large frame factory building fully equipped with machinery for the manufacture of paint.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mineral Oil & Paint Company at suit of Penn H R Co.

Gallup & Shattuck, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning on the west side of Congress street at a distance of two hundred and sixty (200) feet south of its intersection with Main street, being the southeast corner of the B W. Mann lot; thence west along said Mann's line parallel with Main street one hundred and four (104) feet to an alley; thence south along the line of said alley twenty-five (25) feet; thence east parallel with said first mentioned line one hundred and four (104) feet to the line of Congress street; thence north along the line of Congress street twenty five (25) feet to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-six hundred (2600) square feet, be the same more or less, and being the same property conveyed to A C Rote by Jennie & Elehu S. Briggs by Deed dated January 1, 1901 and recorded in the Recorder's Office at Smethport, Pa. in deed book Volume 23, at page 90 And being the same land conveyed to Ella Fox by Samuel P. Kennedy by deed dated November 7th, 1904, and recorded in McKean County Records in Deed Book Volume 130, at page 530, &c

Improved and having thereon erected a two story frame building

Also all that certain lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit: Commencing at a post in the north side of St James Place west seventy-seven (77) feet from its intersection with Mechanic street; thence north forty-four (44) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south forty-three and seven-tenths (43.7) feet to the north line of St James Place thence east twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning; Being Lot No. 200 of Whitney and Wheeler's Addition to Bradford as per survey of L. Gorton, 1877-1878 and being also known as Nos 6 and 8 St James Place; and being the same lands conveyed to J. Ford by deed dated March 14th, 1900, and recorded in McKean County Records in deed book Volume 114, at page 425, &c.

Improved and having thereon erected a two-story frame building

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ella Fox at suit of Smith Brothers

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney

8.

Defendants' interest in all the said piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Lafayette, now Lewis Run Borough, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a stone and brick corner in the easterly line of the Bradford and Lafayette Highway, at the northwest corner of lot No 14, and the southwest corner of lot No. 15, as per C S Whitney & Co.'s map of Lewis Run, McKean County, Pennsylvania, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 37, at page 90; thence northerly along said Highway's easterly line, sixty-five feet to a point; thence easterly 175 feet, more or less, to a point in the line between Lots No 15 and 17 sixty-five feet northerly from the southeast corner of lot No. 15; thence sixty-five feet along the said line between lots 15 and 17 to the southeast corner of lot No 17, thence northerly along the line between lots 14 and 15, 157 feet, more or less to the place of beginning. Being the southern part of lot No. 15 of C. S Whitney & Co's plot of lots. Being the same land conveyed to Mike Ross by Helen Dinehart and husband by deed dated January 25, 1907, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol 98, page 119.

ALSO all that other piece, parcel or lot of land situate in Lafayette Township, now Lewis Run Borough, McKean County Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post in the north side of St James Place west seventy-seven (77) feet from its intersection with Mechanic street; thence north forty-four (44) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south forty-three and seven-tenths (43.7) feet to the north line of St James Place thence east twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning; Being Lot No. 200 of Whitney and Wheeler's Addition to Bradford as per survey of L. Gorton, 1877-1878 and being also known as Nos 6 and 8 St James Place; and being the same lands conveyed to J. Ford by deed dated March 14th, 1900, and recorded in McKean County Records in deed book Volume 114, at page 425, &c.

Improved and having thereon erected a two-story frame building

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ella Fox at suit of Smith Brothers

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney

9.

Defendants' interest in Village Lot known as Lot No 32 of C. S. Whitney & Co Lewis Run lots at Lewis Run, Pa., map of said survey recorded in Deed Book 37 at page 90 in the Recorder's Office of McKean County; being part of the same land conveyed by S. P. Kennedy to Lewis Run Mfg. Co. by deed dated Dec. 21st 1898, recorded in Deed Book 104 at page 71; being the same land contracted to be sold by Lewis Run Mfg. Co. to George and David Cavallero by contract dated Nov 10th, 1909, which contract was assigned by said George and David Cavallero to Peter Monago and being the same land conveyed by Lewis Run Mfg. Co by special warranty deed dated May 13th, 1904, recorded in Deed Book 129 at page 92 to said Peter Monago. Reserving to Lewis Run Mfg. Co ¼ of all oil and gas and also a right of way for pipes, lines and tanks.

Also lot 23 of Lewis Run lots according to a map of survey made by Chas. Gorton 1904, recorded in deed book 37 at page 90 and being the same lot conveyed to E. Spears by Lafayette Mfg. Co March 20th, 1905, recorded in Deed Book 85 at page 213 and by said Spears to Hattie A Foster Oct. 12th, 1908, recorded in Deed Book 103 page 434 and by said Hattie A. Foster and husband to W. F Cline by deed dated Sept 22nd, 1890, recorded in Deed Book 107 at page 330 and by said Cline to L. A Cline by deed dated Oct. 21st, 1902, recorded in Deed Book 121 at page 395.

Improved and having thereon erected four frame dwelling houses and usual outbuildings

Reserving from the above descriptions the south part of Lot No 32 which was conveyed by C Monago to D Pincher by deed dated — — recorded in Deed Book 102 at page —

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Congetti Monago and Peter Monago, at suit of F P Schoonmaker Trustee

Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attys.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff

Smethport Pa., May 17 1912

NOTICE

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1912.

First and final account of H. S Rogers, Administrator of the estate of Livia M. Rogers, deceased

First and final account of Francis M. Nash, Administrator of the estate of Philip McGuckin, deceased.

First and final account of Agnes L. McIntyre Divine, Administratrix of the estate of Hugh F. McIntyre, deceased.

First and final account of D. S Helman, guardian of A G Edgar, late minor child of Jas. T. Edgar, deceased.

First and final account of Edward Ellason, Administrator of the estate of Abraham Ellason, deceased

First and final account of F W. Hastings, guardian of Catherine L. Grimes, late minor child of Allen E. Grimes, deceased

First and final account of Helen Doane, guardian of Helen Chute, late minor child of John and Sophrona Chute

Second and final account of T. F. Mullin, Administrator of J. P. Mullin, deceased, who was administrator of the estate of Hazel H Barr, deceased

First and final account of Jennie A. Cadden, Administratrix of the estate of Thomas Cadden, deceased.

First and final account of C. W. Catlin, administrator of the estate of Louise Miller, deceased.

First and final account of Gilbert Moody, executor of the last will and testament of J. E Dunn, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., May 4, 1912-4t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Esther A. Parker, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Esther A. Parker, late of Keating Township, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to O. T Chase, C. T. A, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay.

O. T. CHASE, C. T. A.

East Smethport Pa., April 25, 1912-6t.

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